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Russian Victory

The New Year opens with the best news from the Russian front that has come for many weeks—a break-through on a long front in the northern Ukraine and a rapid advance nearly to the Polish border, if not to the Rumanian. The advance has cut important railroads connecting Germany with the southern flank of her armies, and has cost the Germans heavily in losses of men and equipment. It seriously threatens to break the Nazi battle line into three disconnected fronts.

It is not belittling this success to point out that its ultimate significance for the war depends on its effect on the Germany army as a fighting force. The chief aim of strategy is not the conquest of territory, but the destruction of the enemy's power of resistance. A recent illustration of this principle was the long German advance into Russia in 1942. Because the Russians could come back, it was not of crucial importance. The greatest Soviet achievement of this counter-offensive, in turn, was not regaining ground, but the destruction of the German forces in and around Stalingrad.

If the present break-through results in the capture and disorganization of a substantial portion of the German armies, it will be at least comparable with Stalingrad. It may do so. But the dispatches have been full of possible entrapment of the German troops in the southern Ukraine for months, an entrapment which, up to the point of this writing, has been avoided. Of course all the wear and tear of fighting ultimately weakens the enemy. But even if he is driven back to the frontiers of Germany without suffering a military debacle, there will be months of fight left in him.

Presidential Straw Votes

Political reporters in general have recently been suggesting that Mr. Roosevelt's popularity has slipped badly, and that Governor Dewey is well ahead of Mr. Willkie in the race for the Republican nomination. Neither of these assumptions is verified, however, in the latest findings of the Fortune survey. Assuming that both the war against Germany and that against Italy were still in progress when the election takes place, those who voted in its poll favored Mr. Roosevelt by the very large proportion of 55.6 percent, and the "best possible Republican" by only 32 percent. If Germany were defeated but Japan were not, Mr. Roosevelt's popularity declined, but he still had a majority of 50.5 percent. If both phases of the war were over, Mr. Roosevelt dropped to 42.1 percent, still ahead of the "best possible Republican," who would have 40.3 percent. One lesson from these figures is that a large proportion of the voters are not prepared to cast a rigid party ballot, but will go one way or the other, according to circumstances.

Among those who intend to vote Republican in any case, Mr. Willkie showed a heavy lead, with 32.3 percent. Mr. Dewey came next, with 19.8, and no other candidate was in the running. If Germany were defeated, or both Germany and Japan, Mr. Willkie's popularity was slightly larger, 33.1 percent, but Mr. Dewey's slipped down markedly, to 11.1. In other words: if the election were held tomorrow, and Mr. Roosevelt were a candidate, he would certainly win.

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And if he were not a candidate, Mr. Willkie would be the national choice.

Mr. Taylor's Bogey

The New York World Telegram published on December 28 an extraordinary dispatch from Mr. Henry J. Taylor in Naples, Italy. Mr. Taylor, who in other days has been known as an apologist for ultra-conservatism in American domestic life, is now touring the fringes of Europe in his occasional role as a journalist. He reports that the Mussolini puppet government in northern Italy is trying to pass itself off as communist. This alarms Mr. Taylor because "it provides a carefully designed showcase for Russia's eyes as a political and ideological bridge in Germany's constant hope for some affinity with Stalin." Mr. Taylor says respectfully that "the Germans are far from the end in waging political warfare" and refers to their "dangerous campaign of new political skulduggery."

If Mr. Taylor really thinks that Russia would be likely to call off the war against Germany merely because Mussolini began calling himself a communist, he ought to have his head examined. But in fact, even his "news" is not true. Mussolini is imitating national socialism, not communism. After all that Hitler has said about the dangers of bolshevism, even he would hardly dare to set up a pseudo-bolshevist state, in northern Italy or anywhere else. Mr. Taylor's dispatch, which is clearly without any serious foundation in fact, can only serve a highly dangerous and undesirable purpose: to make Americans think that Russia is about to double-cross her Western allies for the most idiotic of reasons. We should like very much to know what caused Mr. Taylor to write, or the Scripps-Howard papers to print, such a farrago of nonsense.

Keeping the Profits in War

As American participation in the war drew near, the government had to execute a large number of contracts for supplies of all kinds, in a great hurry. The nation's industry (before Pearl Harbor) staged a strike until it got suitable terms for itself, and then went to work. In all cases, the government tried to promise a reasonable profit; and necessarily, in many instances, this turned out to be an unreasonable one. As a result, some patriotic business men voluntarily went to the government and asked that their contracts be renegotiated at a lower price. Other firms accepted renegotiation when the government asked for it. The taxpayers have thus been saved many hundred million dollars.

Unless it is stopped by public pressure, Congress is likely to forbid renegotiation in several categories. One of these is "standard commercial goods," which are bought by the armed forces in enormous quantities. Another amendment would stop renegotiation in the case of subcontractors selling to war contractors such items as machine tools and construction equipment. The argument is made that the excess-profits tax gets the money anyhow; but this is far from true.

The public does not understand that a small profit on each item produced and sold may be a very large profit per year on the total invested capital. If, for example you turn over your stock five times in a year, a profit of 6 percent on each transaction becomes a total profit of 30 percent even on the total sales. There are numerous cases of manufacturers who, after all taxes, are still making profits of 20, 40 or 60 percent on their original invested capital. Congress, unless it hears from the country about this, will probably soon pass a law forbidding the government to tamper with these profits.

Do you remember the good old days between 1918 and 1941, when we used to hear a lot of talk about "taking the profit out of war"? The idea was that if we conscript John Smith and cause him to risk his life, we should conscript Bill Jones's wealth for the same purpose. Just for the record, let us note that absolutely nothing of this sort is being done. The plain citizen still risks his life and, in some cases, loses it. The man with money is making fat profits, in many cases exorbitant ones, and Congress now proposes to guarantee that they won't even be whittled down to a reasonable size.

Making Labor the Scapegoat

Evidently we are in for an epidemic of prose poems addressed to labor-union members and slurring their patriotism by contrasting it unfavorably with that of soldiers and sailors who give their lives for very small pay and under no circumstances would dream of going on strike. One of these statements that is now going the rounds was written by Kenneth Walsh, a sailor, and appeared in The Press of Muncie, Indiana. It is a vivid piece of writing, and undoubtedly will affect many people. It is quite true that strikes are a threat to our success in the war, and cannot be tolerated. It is a little curious, however, that everybody jumps on the trade-union member, and says nothing whatever about other people in the community whose actions are just as reprehensible. Only a few months ago, many thousands of farmers went on strike, refusing to send their foodstuffs to market because they were dissatisfied with the prices offered. This was exactly as wicked as the action of a war-plant worker who throws down his tools, and yet we can remember very few protests comparable to the many that have been poured out against, for example, the steel and railroad workers. Shortly before Pearl Harbor, when it was obvious that this country needed war materials in the greatest possible hurry, hundreds of the biggest business firms in the country staged a sit-down strike and refused to begin operations until war contracts were prepared that were exactly to their liking. Congress on more than one occasion has imperiled the war effort in order to respond to the wishes of pressure groups. Common

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justice would seem to require that all these groups be reproached in equal proportions for their derelictions.

Persecuting Mrs. Browder

Earl Browder, leader of the American Communist Party, is married to a native of Russia who has been in the United States for ten years and is the mother of three children, one of whom was born here. Now the United States Board of Immigration Appeals intends to deport her on the ground that she has failed to fulfill the technical requirements of a visa immigrant. What technicality she failed to fulfill we don't know. We do know, however, that the action against her gives every evidence of being grossly discriminatory and an attempt to punish her husband indirectly for his unpopular political views. Congress recently passed a law permitting alien members of American families to stay in this country when the only charge against them is failure to fulfill technical immigration requirements. Mrs. Browder is to be deported in defiance of that law. We don't like Mr. Browder or his politics any better than does the Board of Immigration Appeals; but American justice ought to be conducted on a basis of legal rights plus common sense and decent humanity, not on a basis of political persecution such as would be appropriate to Hitler's Germany.

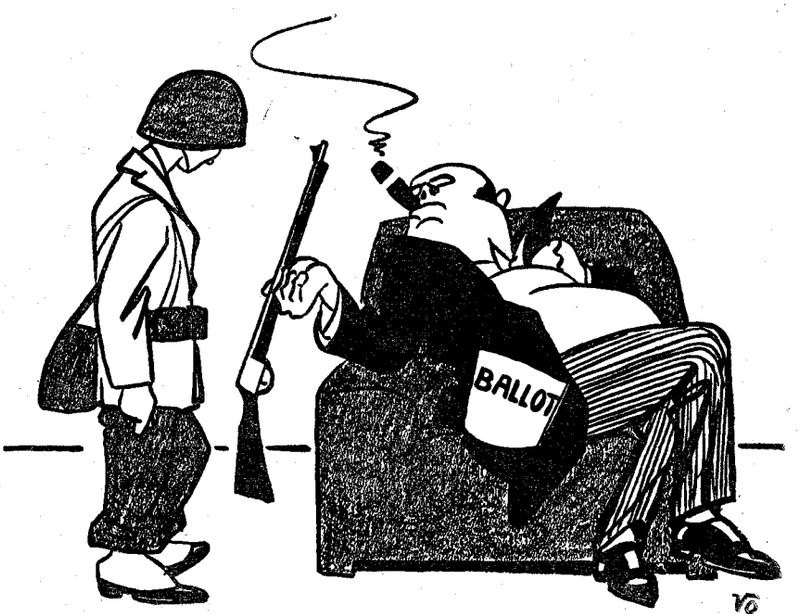
Helping the Insurance Lobby

The Chamber of Commerce of the state of New York has issued a report from its committee on insurance beseeching Congress, in the name of free enterprise, to get behind the Bailey-Van Nuys bill removing insurance companies from the reach of the anti-trust laws. "The insurance business, and all business," the report says, "is fearful and distrustful of federal government regulation, supervision, control and competition." The Bailey-Van Nuys bill would, in effect, prevent the Supreme Court from passing on a case brought against 198 stock fire-insurance companies doing business in the Southeastern states. The government says the companies banded together in the Southeastern Underwriters' Association to peg prices, block independent companies from the field and engage in monopolistic practices generally. If the government does not win its case, the Underwriters' Association will be able to continue to "regulate, supervise and control"—exactly the objections raised against the government by the report of the New York Chamber. Many dire results of government invasion of the rights of business are pictured, but the evils of monopoly are passed over without mention. The report from the New York Chamber is a fine example of what the catch phrases of reactionary business will be in the coming political campaign: "Someone has said you can have the four freedoms in jail. There is one freedom from which all freedoms stem—freedom of opportunity for every living man. . . . Business must take the offensive, one for all and all for one, attack and counter-attack, if it expects to combat these federal government onslaughts, and hold back the 'withering hand of government control'."

The Case of the Negro Firemen

When President Roosevelt ordered War Secretary Stimson to assume control of the railroads, as President Wilson did in 1917, he also found himself confronted with a case involving discrimination against Negro railroad workers. On the same day that this latest presidential order was written, the Fair Employment Practice Committee certified to the Chief Executive the cases against 14 railroads, mostly affiliated with the Southeastern Carriers' Conference, filed by Negro firemen who charged in public hearings in September that they are being systematically eliminated from jobs which Negroes had filled for more than fifty years.

In 1917 Negro railroad employees were complaining that the wages for which they were working were considerably below those being paid to white firemen, switchmen and brakemen. Through an executive order issued by the Director-General for the railroads, William G. McAdoo, wage differentials based on race were abolished. Of course, this was but one of the many problems that added to the confusion which brought the government into the picture 26 years ago. While this wage equality has not been maintained down through the years, the problem then was solved with directness.



"This Is All *You* Need."

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President Roosevelt, if he chooses, may yet reveal similar firmness. He did not wait for the railroad strike to act. He may not postpone too long a decision on the FEPC-carriers'-brotherhood impasse either. "To the extent deemed practical by him [Secretary Stimson], he *may* maintain the working conditions which are specified in existing contracts between the carriers and their employees," so the order reads. This clause enables Mr. Stimson to carry out the directives of the FEPC in the interest of the war effort and as a means of offsetting the manpower shortage. To defeat the threat of "chaos" which the railroads have virtually promised would ensue from such enforcement, Secretary Stimson is directed by the President "to provide full employment for all persons employed or seeking employment."

The Future of Europe

An article in The Saturday Evening Post for January 1 by Peter Drucker, "Can We Solve Europe's Riddle?" raises a question which has been worrying many, especially since the Moscow and Teheran conferences. It is not the present purpose to discuss the article in detail, but rather to consider the chief issue which underlies it, one which has been discussed alike by the governments-in-exile, small nations throughout the world and liberals in the United States and Britain.

The new nuclear alliance formed to keep the peace is a concert rather than a balance of great powers. A concert strong enough to crush any future aggression would also be strong enough to impose its will in other matters. It could, for a time at least, rule those whom it is protecting. Like the Holy Alliance after the fall of Napoleon, which under the leadership of Metternich protected reaction and crushed revolution throughout Europe, and even became threatening in the Western Hemisphere, it could attempt to deny democratic autonomy.

Europe particularly would be dependent on the decisions of four world powers which contain no western European nation. They might, as democratic critics of our military and diplomatic appeasement have feared, put conservative regimes back into the ascendency and prevent the leftward tendencies of the European peoples from achieving their aims. Or they might, as conservative governments-in-exile and Catholic Fascists fear, do the reverse. They might force nations which are feeling a resurgence of nationalism into an artificial unity, or they might in their own interest seek to prevent a federalization of Europe which its people desired. They might either compromise the future of European peace and prosperity by dismembering Germany and ruining her productive capacity, or they might reinstate a powerful Germany which would again become a menace to peace. They might draw new boundaries which would offend some nationalist groups, or they might offend others by failing to draw such boundaries. Whatever they do, they are sure to be condemned as arbitrary by those factions which are resolved to oppose whatever program is adopted.

It is no sufficient answer to promise, as the Big Four have done, that after the war is won and fascism is liquidated, they will allow the liberated peoples to chose their own forms of government and elect their own rulers. For what is done in the meantime will have gone far to decide which forces will be in control of the press and the electoral machinery, and what the boundaries of the voting populations will be. The whole future of Europe is dependent in one way or another on what is done with the area which lies at its economic and strategic center—an area which we loosely call Germany—and the crucial decisions concerning this area will be taken before the war is over and will be imposed on Germany by the victorious armies.

It is impossible to answer any of the more detailed questions, without recognizing a few fundamentals. The four great powers composing the nuclear alliance are in fact—three of them actually and the other at least potentially—by far the strongest in the world. Their only possible rivals, at least for decades to come, are Germany and Japan. Most of the rest of the world has decided that it is in the interest of all that Germany and Japan be crushed in this war, and never again be allowed to develop aggressive potentialities. Why? Because Germany and Japan have abused their power in a way that Britain, Russia, China and the United States have not. The very will to win the war is thus, not an expression of distrust in power as such, but an expression of faith in power when used by those who can be most nearly trusted to use it for good ends. Anyone who makes a contrary judgment is in effect expressing a preference for the use of power by the Axis, since overwhelming force by the anti-Axis coalition is its only alternative.

After Germany and Japan have been defeated, the power of the victors will survive and will presumably continue to grow. What the peoples have to decide is whether it would be better if these nations continued to act largely in unison, or if they should develop a rift. The answer to this question also has been obvious. The power will be there in any case, whether it is united or divided. If it is divided, the chances are strong that either Germany or Japan, or both together, will come back and try again to impose their rule. Even if this were not true, a split among the Big Four would foreshadow a future war in which all the rest would almost surely be involved. And what the peoples need most is freedom from war. It is not all they need, but it is the basis of other freedoms. They are

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not likely to get it in a world teetering on a precarious balance of strong forces in fundamental conflict with one another.

It follows that any argument questioning the desirability of the nuclear alliance is unfruitful; what we should proceed to discuss is how its power ought to be used. Indeed an article like Mr. Drucker's, which does little but raise doubts and which attempts to make no choice among the programs of the numerous interests and factions that are in conflict with one another, is ready-made for use by Axis propaganda. We shall have to admit at the beginning that any choice of how to use power by the victors in the war is likely to be better than the use of power by those who are losing it. Within this framework, we ought to analyze and indicate our preferences for specific possibilities of choice.

Here the greatest danger, in the long run, is not that the nuclear alliance will seek to interfere with other peoples too much, but that it will not be active enough in furthering the positive international interests which are essential to all. The strongest wish of the soldiers is to stop fighting and get home. In democratic nations they can find means of effectuating this wish, once the immediate danger is past. There are no Chinese soldiers in Europe, and we would bet our entire stock of war bonds that there will not be many American or British soldiers there either, more than a year or two after hostilities cease. Russian soldiers would have fewer ways of registering their objection if they were ordered to stay, but clearly the whole energy of the Soviet state will be needed for rebuilding and improving its domestic life. No one of these nations will be eager to send its bombers out again without extreme provocation. What they all want is not only a tranquillized Europe, but also one that will remain relatively tranquil without much effort on their part.

How this end may be achieved is a matter in which the peoples of Europe and of the nuclear alliance have a common interest. It is not a case of the big powers against the small ones, but of all together. The New Republic has expressed its belief that the interest of all requires a good deal of freedom for action by the big ones in forestalling any future military aggression. Beyond that, and for more positive purposes, what is needed is a functioning worldwide organization of democratic states. Our power should now be used to encourage both; we cannot responsibly be neutral as to either.

For the purpose of strengthening such an organization, chauvinistic nationalism and boundary disputes must be subordinated. Any possible treatment of the German question—even the best—will be unsatisfactory without the requisite setting of world order. The way to subordinate the troublesome questions is to make them relatively irrelevant to the welfare of the peoples by developing international agencies to restore the work of the world and encourage an expanding worldwide economy. One such agency which has shown the way, both in its manner of organization and in its program, is UNRRA. We need others, for stabilizing currencies, encouraging new investments, rationalizing and expanding trade, raising labor standards. All the nations, small and large alike, must be given a growing stake in international order. The stake, if it is not to be exclusive and competitive, must be common. The danger is that the big powers will be too concerned with their own affairs to assume the necessary leadership in such matters; the danger is that when the war is over they will, having given a paper pledge against future aggression, sink back to the old happy-go-lucky ways of a disintegrated order, in which differences of interest and opinion are not worked out and compromised in the processes of common action, but are allowed to fester until they produce a war crisis.

For Flexible Wages

LABOR RELATIONS in this country have reached a serious stage. Although the railway and steel strikes were averted, at least one of them has left an unpleasant aftermath. The railroad workers say that President Roosevelt "changed the rules in the middle of the game," and most of the twenty unions involved are still refusing his offer of mediation. An unidentified "important governmental official," reported to be General Marshall, says flatly that the railroad and steel strikes have prolonged the war many months, by giving Germany a useful propaganda weapon to use against the satellite countries which were on the point of dropping out of the war.

Moreover, other strikes or threats of strikes are coming. The automobile, textile, aluminum and aircraft workers are all on the point of demanding more money. The entire CIO is asking for a guaranteed annual wage, which is certainly a reasonable and proper request. All over the country, workers are dissatisfied because they feel that they are subject to grave discrimination for the benefit of farmers and capitalists.

Wages were frozen under the promise that prices would also be rolled back and profits would be held to a reasonable level. But Congress has betrayed the workers. It has not kept the price level down but has deliberately encouraged inflation for the benefit of the farm bloc. At the same time it refuses to give the OPA enough money to enforce ceilings. It deals tenderly with profits, and is even trying to prohibit the renegotiation of many war contracts which experience has proved to contain excessive margins. Its tax bill is pitifully inadequate. In short, everybody is permitted to profiteer except the worker. He is told, instead, that if he wants more money he is not patriotic, because the

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soldier risks his life for only $50 a month and his board. The workingman, naturally, bitterly resents this imputation. He feels in his heart that he is just as patriotic as anybody else; but he also feels that he is the victim of gross injustice and that he is entitled to complain of this fact and to take steps to remedy it. He has learned by painful experience that nobody pays any attention to his grievances unless he threatens to strike.

This situation represents the greatest threat to our war effort that is now visible in any quarter. The government official who said the steel and railroad workers had prolonged the war by many months was almost certainly talking nonsense; but it is true that upon the loyal and zealous application of the workers in American war factories depends the success of our arms. It is intolerable that our economy should be subject to these successive serious and totally unnecessary strains. Somehow or other, Congress must be made to act in the interest of all the American people and not merely in the interest of special groups like the farm bloc and the National Association of Manufacturers. How is this to be achieved?

For an example of an economic system that is working well, one need look no further than across the border into Canada. The Canadians have every problem that we have, and some of them in exaggerated form. Canada has been at war twice as long as we. Yet in Canada the cost of living has gone up less than two percent in the past two years, while ours has gone up about 13.5 percent. Since the beginning of the war, the Canadian cost of living is up only 18 percent, compared with 53 percent in the similar period during the last war. Of the increase during the present war, only two percent has taken place during the past two years, while 33 percent was the figure in the comparable period in the last war.

A major factor in Canada's success has been the tying together of wages and prices. For the past two years, a cost-of-living index has been carefully compiled, and made public every three months. If the cost of living went up one percent, all workers receiving less than $25 a week had their wages increased one percent. Those earning $25 a week or more got a bonus of 25 cents weekly for every increase of one percent.

This system immediately takes nearly all the tension out of labor relations. The worker knows that as the cost of living rises he will get extra compensation that is at least equal to this increase so far as concerns the first $25 weekly of his pay envelope, the part which goes almost entirely for necessities. This system does not prevent other increases in pay where they are deserved. It does not prevent the removal of gross inequities between one plant and another, or one occupation and another. Actually, special boards that have been set up have heard 40,000 cases involving more than 2,500,000 people, and have adjusted wages upward in 36,000 instances.

According to a recent announcement, the cost-of-living bonus is now to be administered in a new way. Whenever the cost of living goes up three percent and stays up for as long as two months, the Canadian government will review the entire situation and will take appropriate steps.

The cost-of-living bonus, of course, has been accompanied by other anti-inflationary measures. Canada has a 100-percent excess-profits tax. She has heavy income taxes, especially on medium and large incomes. Two years ago, ceilings were set on all prices, including those of farm products. At the same time, the government uses two other devices to keep down prices to consumers. Subsidies are paid on certain products to prevent their prices from soaring. The government also buys some items in bulk at low prices and distributes them through normal retail channels, making sure that no profiteering takes place.

Canada is of course no Utopia; her citizens make many complaints against the government and doubtless some of them are well justified. But compared with the situation in this country, the grass in Canada's pasture looks very green indeed. The Canadian Parliament, unlike many members of the American Congress, thinks more of winning the war than of feathering private nests or paying off private grudges. Fifty percent of Canadian production is now going into war goods; her workers are straining themselves to the utmost, and yet Canada is almost free from the ugly tension of class against class that has shown itself in the United States.

Our Congress has recently sent some of its members junketing to distant lands, from which they returned having apparently found out surprisingly little. If we could send a congressional committee a few miles across the border to our northern neighbor, we might learn something to our advantage.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Saving Free Enterprise

WHY IS IT THAT no business spokesman can discuss any problem of the postwar world without first bending the knee and muttering a ritual containing his avowal of faith in private enterprise, or free enterprise, or "the American system?" One would think that business was engaged in a last-ditch struggle for self-preservation against a formidable enemy. Who and where is this enemy? Why is business afraid of him?

There are in the United States two prominent political parties, and a few lesser ones, which advocate the substitution of some other system for the private ownership of the means of production. One is the Communist, one the Socialist. Neither has a single representative in Congress, or has ever, unaided, elected the Governor of a single state. Both are weaker than the Socialist Party was twenty-six years ago, during the First World War. Neither controls the policy of any important group of trade unions. Not a single newspaper or magazine of really large circulation purveys the ideas of either, and neither has a radio network or can even obtain any considerable sales for its books or pamphlets.

Organized labor in the United States, though it has grown greatly in membership and power, does not have an independent political party. Recently, its political activities as a pressure group have not been able to prevent the passage by Congress of legislation compromising traditional trade-union rights. Much less could it elect a Congress which would be threatening to private enterprise. Even if organized labor could control Congress, it would be, not an enemy but a friend of the private ownership of business. The prominent leaders are not socialistic, and are scarcely less articulate in praise of private enterprise than business spokesmen themselves.

There used to be a left-wing agrarian movement, hostile to "Wall Street" and big business, ready to combine with industrial labor in support of unorthodox monetary and economic programs. Where is it now? Most of the farm organizations are closely linked to the extreme right wing of business, and are hostile even to unions. The left wing of the farmers is fighting a losing battle for no more radical a program than the prevention of inflation—a cause dear to the hearts of the "gold bugs" who elected William McKinley against William Jennings Bryan forty-eight years ago.

It might be argued that all the movements which business used to fear have been merged in the New Deal, and that the country no longer hears so much left-wing agitation because so many of the left-wingers have got into executive power in Washington. If so, business made a colossal mistake about either the intentions or the effectiveness of those against whom it fought. Not a single important industry, great or small, has been nationalized by the New Deal—not even the railroads, not even banking. Business profits and business reserves are today larger than ever in history, even after all taxes have been paid. And they are not, for the most part, the delusive profits of war inflation, for they did not result from rapidly rising prices for industrial products, which have been under ceilings almost from the beginning of the war. The New Deal has done nothing effective to stop the drift toward business concentration, which during the hostilities has proceeded faster than ever, with the administration's blessing.

Did the New Deal in the beginning try to destroy capitalism? If so, private enterprise was blessed by all the gods of fortune in the manner of the attempt. Picture to yourself what might have happened to business if bank failures had gone on, farmers had been thrown off the land wholesale by foreclosures, home-owners had been dispossessed by the million, and one-third or more of the wage-earning population had continued much longer to be without jobs and without relief. Even the measures which outlasted the emergency buttressed private enterprise instead of weakening it. Why do we no longer hear the welkin ring with philippics against Wall Street or the speculative profits of public utility holding companies? Because reforms, however inadequate, have been instituted against their abuses. Why is labor moving in a conservative direction instead of following the revolutionaries? Because its rights to self-organization and collective bargaining have been put into practice and the workers have some measure of social security.

Is business, then, afraid of the regulative power of government instituted for war purposes? Most of this power is exercised by men from its own ranks, none by an enemy of capitalism. Even the New Dealers have been ousted. Who in command of war mobilization is going to destroy private enterprise? Mr. Donald Nelson of Sears, Roebuck or Mr. Charles E. Wilson of General Electric? Mr. Stimson or Mr. Knox? Mr. Byrnes, Mr. Vinson or Mr. Crowley? Or perhaps Mr. Jesse Jones? Or Mr. McNutt? Even the OPA is now headed by an advertising man. It is, indeed, a nuisance to have to get priorities and allotments, to operate with ceiling prices, to deal with bureaucracies and make out countless forms and reports. Even those of us who are not in business have been annoyed by the unfamiliar incidentals of scarcities, rationing and price control. But all this is evidence that in mobilizing to fight we

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are harnessing up a lot of independent units; everything would be much simpler if all production were owned by government and could be rationalized by executive order. Anyone who supposes that the harness will not be unhitched at the earliest possible moment is crazy, whether he believes in unhitching it or not.

When a man who is in no real danger goes about seeing imaginary enemies, we send for the psychiatrist. The delusions of persecution to which he is subject may look silly to the rest of us, but it will not do simply to laugh them off. Have you ever tried to argue a paranoid out of his fears, on the basis of objective evidence? Don't. You will have no success, and still worse, he will decide that you are trying to betray him. He thinks he knows better than you do. Furthermore, strange as it may seem, he is right. The psychiatrist understands that his fear is real, and that he has good reason to be afraid of something. The only trouble is that he mistakes the identity of what it is that endangers him. He thinks it is in the world around him. Really, it is something in himself. Because he is afraid to face that something and deal with it, he will, if left unchecked, go about attacking the innocent and is more than likely eventually to destroy himself. The fate that he fears will arrive, unless he is cured.

It is misleading to speak of business as if it were an individual, and yet much the same logic holds for groups, and in social situations. Though no visible enemy of private enterprise in the United States could harm it any more than a fleet of rowboats armed with air rifles could injure a super-dreadnought, radar can detect something approaching in the stratosphere which might be more deadly. Business men sense that the peril is real. Those who cannot understand and objectively analyze it have to have some outlet for their uneasiness, and so under the leadership of those who feed them phrases and ideas, they attempt to thicken their verbal armor and become infuriated against bureaucrats, professors, New Dealers, or any other scapegoat who happens to be handy.

This something of which they are afraid will arrive after the war. Its setting will be the cessation of governmental war orders, which are annually pouring a $70,000,000,000 stream of purchasing power into the nation's circulation, the arrival home of something like 10,000,000 servicemen and women looking for jobs, the existence of a going socialist system in Russia and a socialist tendency elsewhere in the world, and possibly other complications like uncontrolled inflation and deflation, combined with a national debt which seems as if it could be measured only in light-years and carries a correspondingly heavy tax burden. There are perils in this prospect which are obvious to anyone who has thought about it. If we have unemployment on as great a scale as in 1932, there may be an explosion which will blow the established order to fragments.

In case this crisis arrives, chanting the words "private enterprise" and hating the President—if he is still in office—will be about as effective a defense as the incantations of an African medicine man against a volcanic eruption. The only good safeguard would be to take such measures as are necessary to prevent the crisis from occurring. And exactly at this point is where American business men need to cease wasting their energies in fearing imaginary enemies and instead use them in analyzing the weaknesses of the business structure itself. For while the cessation of war orders and the return of the soldiers will be real enough, the actual danger of calamity would arise from an inability of what we call "private enterprise" to adjust successfully to these external conditions.

There is nothing inherently insurmountable about any of the obstacles with which the postwar economy will be confronted. The demands of a peaceful society for industrial and agricultural products could be no less than the demands of a fighting one, if those demands were mobilized and supplied with purchasing power. The returning soldiers will not only be job-seekers, they will also be customers, and the more and better jobs they have, the more they will buy. Their own wants ought to furnish their opportunity for employment, if they can only be paid enough for what they can produce so that they can buy it, directly or indirectly. The national debt will not be unduly burdensome if the national income continues to be large and to grow. We need not be afraid of the taxes necessary to service it, since the debt is internal, and for every dollar paid into the government to meet interest and capital charges, a dollar will be paid out to someone who lent the money in the first place. The only problem is to levy the taxes fairly. What business men really have to fear is that the conditions of making these readjustments successfully will not be met.

If private enterprise were the flexible and efficient system which those who praise it say that it is, there would be little trouble. But business men remember 1929 and 1932. They know in their hearts that private enterprise alone brought on that crisis and alone was unable to climb out of the mud into which it plunged us. Private enterprise had its own way in this country for twelve years after 1920, with Harding, Coolidge and Hoover in the presidency, and for a large part of that time with Mr. Mellon, the richest man in the country, as Secretary of the Treasury. Labor had been defeated and was nearly powerless, farmers agitated and protested in vain. Yet spokesmen for business seldom admitted its responsibility. They spoke mystically about a "secondary depression" inevitable after a war; about the interference with "economic laws" on the part of wicked or foolish politicians—as if they had not nominated and elected their own candidate; about a depression with international origins—as if it had

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started somewhere in the air, instead of on the lower tip of Manhattan Island. After they lost control of the government and a modest recovery came, they conveniently forgot their failure and turned their inner insecurity outward in vitriolic campaigns against those who were trying to do something about it.

What does private enterprise have now that it did not have between 1920 and 1932? Certainly there is nothing new about technical achievements, inventions and gadgets. There is nothing new about an immense potential consumers' demand, waiting to be filled if only the consumers have enough money with which to buy what industry can make. There is nothing new about efficient mass production or skillful advertising and salesmanship. We had all these things before; it is merely the specific items in the inventory which have changed. We even had the Federal Reserve System, with its supposed capacity to discourage inflation and deflation by central banking policy—although the possession of this system can scarcely be chalked up as a credit to private enterprise, which fought the proposal bitterly when it was first introduced under Woodrow Wilson.

I should feel more hopeful about the future of private enterprise if more of its spokesmen, in their discussion of postwar problems, would turn their attention to the faults of our order, positive or negative, which need to be remedied if a similar experience is to be avoided in the future. There have been plenty of informed discussions of these faults in other quarters.

What about the past failure to lay out a national production program, adequate at once to supply the needs of all the people and to offer employment opportunities to all seeking work? What about the lack of any means, under the traditional processes of private enterprise, to see that such a program is actually carried out in the operation of industry? The reason why a war economy boosts production and creates full employment is that it has a production program which stretches our productive capacity and that it supplies the administrative and monetary means necessary to effectuate that program.

What about the problems created by concentration of industrial control in private hands—monopoly, near monopoly, monopolistic competition, inflexible administered prices, restriction of production in the interest of high unit profits, monkey wrenches thrown into the machinery by political pressure groups representing vested interests?

What about the past failure of private enterprise to keep a sufficiently large stream of purchasing power flowing by investing money in new production as rapidly as money is withdrawn from the stream by those who save it?

What about these and other problems on an international scale?

A few business spokesmen have made verbal gestures in one or more of these regions, and some have even started to think seriously about them. But the rank and file passes them by as if they did not exist. And nowhere in the councils of private enterprise do I see the designing of any well engineered means of handling them in action. The reason seems to be that private enterprise cannot successfully tackle such jobs all by itself. For that it needs the intervention of government, the support of labor, farmer and consuming interests. And private enterprise spends most of its surplus energy deploring and defeating interventions by government.

A Congress which is the avowed agent of "free enterprise" spends most of its time making these problems, not better but worse. It does everything in its power to promote inflation by hampering effective price control, failing to tax heavily enough and even raising specific prices. It has destroyed the governmental peace-planning agency and will make no advance provision even for designing the public works which may be needed. It neither understands nor approves a compensatory fiscal policy on the part of government. Far from seeking to modernize the inappropriate anti-trust laws, which do little to prevent the more unfortunate economic consequences of business concentrations, it is now trying to loosen them in behalf of special interests. Both business and its political agents are suspicious of proposals for stabilizing agencies in the international field, such as a United Nations Bank.

It is just possible to hope, if one has a sufficiently optimistic temperament, that American business will before it is too late recognize these crucial failings, outline good programs to remedy them, and invite the coöperation from other interest groups and from government which would be necessary to effectuate the programs. But I am not that optimistic. I expect that while some few business men may do so, not enough of them will. I expect that we shall all—wage-earners, farmers and salaried people—have to turn to again and engage in another heroic endeavor to save private enterprise from itself. And I expect that those who are active in doing so will be subject to all the open hostility and hidden sabotage that business as a pressure group can muster.

We may again succeed, at least in as large a measure as we did before the war. Certainly we shall want to keep on trying to save private enterprise as long as there seems to be the slightest chance of saving it, partly because nobody likes to turn from the familiar and habitual until it becomes unbearable, and partly because some of the possible alternatives might be still worse. But there is a limit to the will to save people in spite of themselves. I do not know how many more 1932's we can experience without deciding to try something really new.

GEORGE SOULE

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"In Every Voice, in Every Ban"

On MAY 12 of this year, a man named Shmuel Ziegelboim, who was a Socialist, a Jew and a Pole, was found dead by his own hand in a London flat. His wife and child had been killed by the Nazis in Poland; and no doubt he had had his fill of Polish politics—even (or especially) in London. I had never heard of Shmuel Ziegelboim before I read of his death; and so many Socialists, Jews and Poles have died in these last few years that it is possible—conscience and memory being what they are even for one's own—that I would never again have thought of him had he not left a letter that was published in a negligible corner of The New York Times.

His letter was addressed in Polish to the President of Poland and to Sikorski, who was then Premier. What he wrote was this:

I take the liberty of addressing to you my last words, and through you to the Polish government and the Polish people, to the governments and peoples of the Allied states—to the conscience of the world.

From the latest information received from Poland, it is evident that the Germans, with the most ruthless cruelty, are now murdering the few remaining Jews in Poland. Behind the ghetto's walls the last act of a tragedy unprecedented in history is being performed. The responsibility for this crime of murdering the entire Jewish population of Poland falls in the first instance on the perpetrators, but indirectly it is also a burden on the whole of humanity, the people and the governments of the Allied states which thus far have made no effort toward concrete action for the purpose of curtailing this crime.

By the passive observation of the murder of defenseless millions, and of the maltreatment of children, women and old men, these countries have become the criminals' accomplices. I must also state that although the Polish government has in a high degree contributed to the enlistment of world opinion, it has yet done so insufficiently. It has not done anything that could correspond to the magnitude of the drama being enacted now in Poland. From some 3,500,000 Polish Jews and about 700,000 other Jews deported to Poland from other countries—according to official statistics provided by the underground Bund organization—there remained in April of this year only about 300,000, and this remaining murder still goes on.

I cannot be silent—I cannot live—while remnants of the Jewish people of Poland, of whom I am a representative, are perishing. My comrades in the Warsaw ghetto took weapons in their hands on that last heroic impulse. It was not my destiny to die there together with them, but I belong to them, and in their mass graves. By my death I wish to express my strongest protest against the inactivity with which the world is looking on and permitting the extermination of my people.

I know how little human life is worth today; but, as I was unable to do anything during my life, perhaps by my death I shall contribute to breaking down that indifference of those who may now—at the last moment—rescue the few Polish Jews still alive from certain annihilation. My life belongs to the Jewish people of Poland and I therefore give it to them. I wish that this remaining handful of the original several millions of Polish Jews could live to see the liberation of a new world of freedom, and the justice of true socialism. I believe that such a Poland will arise and that such a world will come.

I trust that the President and the Prime Minister will direct my words to all those for whom they are destined, and that the Polish government will immediately take appropriate action in the fields of diplomacy. I bid my farewell herewith to everybody and everything dear to me and loved by me.

S. ZIEGELBOIM

After the text, the newspaper report added: "That was the letter. It suggests that possibly Shmuel Ziegelboim will have accomplished as much in dying as he did in living."

I bring the matter up now because I have been thinking about the meaning of that letter ever since I clipped it out of The Times, and because I hope I can now write thoughtfully about it, since I no longer feel any hatred for the newspaper writer who added with such mechanical emotion that possibly "Shmuel Ziegelboim will have accomplished as much. . . ." Of course the newspaper writer did not believe that he had accomplished anything; nor did the Polish National Council, which released it to the world; nor do I. Shmuel Ziegelboim died because some men can find their ultimate grace only in the fulfilment of their will—even if their will, in 1943, is toward a death that has so desperate a symbolism. He died because the burden of carrying our contemporary self-disgust became too much even for a man who believed that a new world of freedom would come, "and the justice of true socialism." And he died because his wife and child were dead, and the millions in the great Jewish worlds of Poland, and the thousands of thousands of his comrades in the Jewish Labor Bund—the disenchanted and dispossessed Jews who lived on air and were called *Luftmenschen*, but helped to defend Warsaw when the colonels fled.

I think I know how great and indirect a wish for immortality can go into any suicide. I shall believe that men want to die only when I hear of men living (or writing) in complete anonymity. I know something of the ultimate and forgivable egotism of any human spirit, and that the one thing we can never afford to lose is the promise of our identity. Shmuel Ziegelboim wrote at the end with the instinctive rhetorical optimism of those who feel that they are dying without too much division in themselves, and for something greater than their own ambitions. But I have wanted to believe,

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and now do believe, that Shmuel Ziegelboim died because he was finally unable to withstand the real despair of our time—which arises not out of the burning and the killing and the endless political betrayals, but out of a humiliation which some of us can still feel before so terrible a break in human solidarity. I think he died, as so many greater men have already died morally, because he was unable to believe in a future built on so unrecognized and unreported a human isolation and barbarism as we know today. Shmuel Ziegelboim came from a ghetto-driven, self-driven, but spiritually generous culture; and I honestly believe that he was thinking not only of his own people at the end, but of the hollowness of a world in which such a massacre could have so little meaning. In any event I should like to think that I am more "fortunate"—that is, relatively untouched and able to think about what freedom is. And that is why I bring the matter up now, as a token of what Shmuel Ziegelboim died for, and in an effort to say some very elementary things which liberals especially have not always cared to face.

I do not speak here of the massacre of the Jews, for there is nothing to say about it that has not already been said. I can add nothing, nor would I wish to add anything, to the private imprecations and the public appeals. I do not say that they are useless, for I do not dare to believe that anything here will be useless. It is merely that something has already been done—and not by the Nazis—which can never be undone, except as we seek to understand it and to grow human again (or expectant, or merely wise) through it. For the tragedy is in our minds, in the basic quality of our personal culture; and that is why it will be the tragedy of the peace. The tragedy lies in the quality of our belief—not in the lack of it, but in the unconsciousness or dishonesty of it; and above all in the merely political thinking, the desperate and unreal optimism, with which we try to cover up the void in ourselves. Yet I speak pragmatically: I am thinking of concrete situations. For Hitler will leave anti-Semitism as his last political trick, as it was his first; and the people who have been most indifferent to the historic *meaning* of the massacre of the Jews will be just those who will wonder why all the pacts and all the armies and all the formal justice will have done so little to give them their pre-Fascist "security" again. If liberal optimism is false now, it will seem cruel later, when in even a post-Hitler Europe men will see again (many of them know it now, but for other, for purely political, reasons) that fascism remains, even though fascists, too, can die.

The treatment of the Jews, historically, has always been a touchstone of the degree of imagination, of Christian confidence, really, which formally Christian countries have been able to feel in themselves. Historically, no massacre was ever unexpected, no act of cruelty ever so great that it violated the professions of a civilization—every civilization being what it was, even when the cathedrals rose highest. But surely there was never so much self-deception about our essential goodness or our dream of "social security," so little philosophic (or moral) searching of the lies our hopes build on our lack of community, as there is today. The real materialism of our time has nothing to do with our intellectual naturalism, which is indispensable to those who do not believe in magic; or to our complete technological reliance upon ourselves, which is what it is. The real materialism, the real heresy, is the blindness of those who, declining to believe that there is a prime cause in the heavens, believe bitterly that society is always the prime cause of what we are. It is the materialism that comes with passing the buck so persistently to everyone but yourself that you never know whom to blame, even when you are Koestler's Rubashov in Lubyanka. It is the materialism of those who believe, as radicals, that you can begin by lying and making your victim lie (especially in public; a public life has a public apotheosis)—and that *then* you can build a brave new world based on the ultimate good sense of coöperativeness and the higher self-interest. It is the materialism of those who believe, as reactionaries, that you can build a tolerable society by appealing to an inner contempt among men for their "romantic" —and quite indestructible—hopes. It is the materialism of those who believe, as liberals, that you so fascinate men in a legality of good intentions, or even philanthropy, that you will

> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove. . . .

But it is above all the materialism of all those—not liberals, not radicals, certainly not reactionaries—who want only to live and let live, to have the good life back—and who think that you can dump three million helpless Jews into your furnace, and sigh in the genuine impotence of your undeniable regret, and then build Europe back again.

That is the central point—not a "moral" point which any true unbeliever need be afraid of for its own sake, but the coarsely shrewd point based on the knowledge that life is also a process of memory, and that where so great a murder has been allowed, no one is safe. I do not believe in ghosts; if I did, I could be falsely heroic and satisfyingly sentimental, and say that the blood of the Jews over Europe is like that Christ's blood which Marlowe's Faustus saw streaming in the firmament. For I know that the indifference—the historic contemporary indifference, with everything it suggests about our governments as well as ourselves: I do not forget the rulers in describing the ruled—is far more terrible than physical terror and far more "tangible" than conscience. And what I am saying is not that the peoples will be remorseful (did we do it?), but that they will be betrayed by the human practices en-

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couraged by the massacre of the Jews. Something has been set forth in Europe that is subtle, and suspended, and destructive; and it will break the power-pacts, and the high declarations, and even the armies, since armies are only men. That something is all our silent complicity in the massacre of the Jews (and surely not of them alone; it is merely that their deaths were so peculiarly hopeless). For it means that men are not ashamed of what they have been in this time, and are therefore not prepared for the further outbreaks of fascism which are so deep in all of us. It means that we still do not realize why

> In every Infant's cry of fear,
> In every cry of every Man,
> In every voice, in every ban,
> The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

Blake knew it, as we can still know it: the manacles are always forged by the mind. Can the mind still break them free? Can it?

ALFRED KAZIN

The Joads—Still Out of Luck

"WHILE THE BOYS are afightin' for democracy, you're starvin' me to death"—that is the present-day complaint of many a Joad, for the war has not brought "good times" but privation to the 5,000,000 Americans who follow the crops. Contrary to popular opinion, few are employed in defense industries. They are too wandering, too nearly unemployable for steady jobs. Unorganized and often dependent on the good will of the federal government alone, the migrant during this war has seen his wages frozen, his travel restricted, his standard of living decreased, the Farm Security Administration in dissolution and the employer taking him over once again.

No longer are the Joads in the public eye. America has forgotten that from 1938 to 1943 government loans to small farmers and tenant farmers kept many a poverty-stricken family on the land, out of the roving crop army; and that the FSA migratory camps were established throughout America to rehabilitate those traveling from crop to crop. Adequate housing, the easy exchange of wage information and the running of the camps by elected councils of the migrants were all integral parts of the FSA camp program. Yet the program contained within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Many "practical" camp managers were appointed chiefly to maintain the friendship of the local Rotary Club and Farm Bureau. At the same time, the migrant did not help himself. Unlike many industrial workers, he refused to organize with his fellows because he looked upon himself, not as a member of a huge crop army but as a potentially self-sufficient farmer of the future. His potential strength was further weakened by the poll tax, and by the fact that he had no pressure group, no union, no newspaper.

While the migrant was silent, the large employing farmers throughout the nation have tried to disparage the FSA camps and the workers living there. It happened, for instance, in southern Florida last winter. In January, Mr. Stuckey, a rich Pahokee farmer, declared in The Miami Herald: "We just don't have the labor. The people we do have, both white and Negro, simply will not work for us. Tons of beans are rotting in the fields." Mrs. Ruth Edgeworth of Belle Glade went a step farther: "We've tried everything *but holding a gun to their heads,* but still they won't work." After wild tales of flagrant immorality in the FSA camps had been well circulated by the growers, even New Deal-defending Senator Pepper rushed to Florida to assure the farmers that "the government would do something."

What were the facts behind the growers' complaints? In a few cases a shortage of labor existed, but in general there were enough workers. In fact, great unemployment existed in January and February, and the employers were even forcing the white and colored workers to underbid each other in wages. The real cause of the growers' complaints can be traced to hatred of the FSA, and to their wrath at the Negro pickers who, for the first time, were striking for higher wages. They and some of the white workers were "getting too damned many Yankee habits."

The growers finally won by convincing Washington that a dire labor shortage existed. In February, at government expense, thousands of white workers were shipped from Tennessee and Missouri to Florida under a no-strike, 35-cent-an-hour agreement. Under a similar contract thousands of West Indian laborers were transported to Florida in March. Trouble ensued. Now three instead of two racial groups were fighting one another to the employers' benefit. The West Indians looked down on the illiterate Negro migrants; the Southern Negroes hated the newcomers because their presence had put an end to strikes; and the white population—doubled in size and paid less than either Negro group—hated their black brothers the more.

When the season drew to a close in the spring and the migrants thought of moving northward, the growers tried to freeze them in the South. Violence was their method. Negroes riding north in trucks were stopped by policemen and their helpers at county and state lines, were jerked off the trucks, beaten and told to return to their former bosses. Legislation was also used. In certain counties potential migrants were made to get

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a release certificate from their local county agent before they could go North. Northern recruiters were made to purchase state and county licenses at exorbitant rates.

Such restrictive laws not only harmed the would-be migrant by freezing him in the South, where there is little summer work, but prevented the Northern farmers from getting adequate labor. Such was the case in several Middle Atlantic states this last spring where, with plantings increased over previous years, the growers were desperate for help. Finally, they persuaded the federal government to bring in great numbers of West Indian laborers under the no-strike contract. Their coming created a crisis, typified by the labor troubles in Bridgeton, New Jersey, last summer. In May, 600 Jamaicans occupied the FSA camp and took the field and cannery jobs which Southern Negroes had had the previous year. Southern Negroes, coming North, found the FSA camp full and their jobs taken. Often without work, they were forced to live in quarters furnished by the employers, where lack of sanitary facilities, standing water and army tents were all part of the "new order." The white migrants, brought North by the employers' false promises of good housing and steady work, suffered the same fate.

Because they no longer lived in government camps, neither the white nor the colored migrants could turn to the federal government for medical care, sanitary-law enforcement, etc. The local War Manpower Commission official and the health officer turned deaf ears to their complaints. The migrants could not appeal to the local cannery union because, under the provisions of the closed-shop, check-off contract with the company, no migrant could become a full union member until he had worked at the plant for three months. Only if a migrant had been without work for four weeks could he request a release slip from his employer. Thus the employers' control was virtually complete, if not totalitarian.

These facts and happenings in southern Jersey are only illustrative of the national war on the migrant which had its headquarters in Washington. Here the large farmers have persuaded the lawmakers and bureaucrats to accede to their requests. Economic Stabilizer Byrnes had frozen the nation's wages and had made readjustments for underpaid groups very difficult. This meant that in Florida "work for 35 cents an hour, or fight" was backed by a government edict. Simultaneously, the FSA funds were slashed and the migratory camps put under the control of the War Food Administration. In the congressional debates preceding this slashing and transfer, the liberals no longer talked about rehabilitating the tenant farmer or migrant, but, influenced by the war psychosis, they confined their arguments to proving that aid to these disinherited would increase food production. Facts backed their contention. Yet their "strategic retreat" was disastrous because food-production figures rather than human welfare became the sole criterion for judging the success or failure of the FSA and related government agencies. They ignored this truth: that rival facts, marshaled by the conservative opposition, about the productive efficiency of mechanized farming under centralized control always gave the argumentative advantage to the big farmer and to big business. As the liberals retreated, the large farmers gained their second victory when a rider was tacked to the agricultural bill forbidding the FSA to open any new camps. And finally, when the full responsibility for recruiting farm labor was given to the WMC, and the placement of migratory laborers in localities was transferred from the United States Employment Service to the Extension Service—an agency close to the Farm Bureau in its politics—the victory for the big farmer was complete. In 1943 concern for the migrant's welfare had become a thing of the past.

It is my belief that in these migrant troubles of Florida and New Jersey, and in the Washington trend, we have a preview of national postwar conditions *if* the agricultural employer is allowed to continue his dominance over legislatures and his control over the voteless and propertyless migrant. The present lack of bargaining equality between the migrant and his employer will lead inevitably, unless it is checked, to the birth of a mechanized feudalism in agriculture and to the destruction of democracy in rural America.

In confronting this threat, most liberals err in confining it to California and the South. They disregard the plain fact, so well proved by Carey McWilliams in "Ill Fares the Land," that there are big growers, canners and consequently migrants in nearly every state of the Union; and therefore that the farm bloc is not just a group of Southern legislators or Western ranch representatives but is made up of congressmen from up-state New York, central Ohio, southern New Jersey and elsewhere whose chief backers are often the large employers. In brief, the interests of big business and the big farmers are closer than ever before. Both oppose the growing demands of the industrial worker, small farmer and migrant for economic development.

In the present crisis what can be done for the migrant and what can he do for himself? The American public must first realize that because the migrants are voteless, propertyless and outcasts of nearly every community into which they come, they cannot protect themselves at present without the direct aid of the federal government. Even during wartime when reform gets scant notice from Congress, the migrant's status can be improved if the public discovers two additional facts: first, that he is in reality a defense worker producing food to win the war; and second, that he no longer works on small farms where every man is his own boss, but like those who labor in urban factories, he sweats with millions of other men, women and children in a system of industrialized agriculture. Once aware of these

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truths, the public will be more inclined to favor the establishment of wage-and-hour standards, the inclusion of agricultural workers under the Social Security Act, and the rebirth of the FSA.

Federal and state bureaus handling any phase of the migrant problem should coördinate their activities. Such a plan has already been worked out by federal and state officials in New Jersey. Such state plans should be multiplied; and since the problem is a national one, federal and state officials should coördinate their activities in Washington. A further suggestion for governmental reform is this: to determine the actual existence of shortages and surpluses of farm labor, the government, instead of listening only to the big farmers and their representatives, should send investigators to specific areas to make objective studies. When a threatened shortage is discovered and great numbers of temporary or permanent migrants are recruited and sent to the shortage areas, the government should guarantee the permanent migrants, already in such areas, wages and working conditions as good as those of the newcomers.

Yet the migrant cannot be a semi-ward of the state forever. Since political trends frequently reverse government policy, he cannot always be leaning on the crutches of bureaucratic good will and legislative gifts. He must eventually stand on his own feet. But since agriculture is so highly mechanized and requires thousands of workers, he cannot stand alone but must organize with his fellows. Both the CIO and the AFL affiliates, with the possible exception of the United Cannery and Agricultural Workers (CIO) and the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, which has just established a special branch for migrants, have failed to aid in such organization. This failure can be partly attributed to the many difficulties of uniting provincially minded migrants; but it stems mostly from the blindness of both the industrial and farm worker to the simple truth that they are alike confronted by powerful employers in a mechanized system of production.

As the shadow of monopoly lengthens over city and farm, the leaders of the AFL and the CIO are mapping a huge campaign for 1944 to reward labor's friends and punish its enemies. They may have the support of the well organized industrial worker, but under present conditions the migrant, the sharecropper and the rest of the rural proletariat will not answer the call to unity because they feel alone, silent and discouraged.

Until the rural proletariat is organized, the progressive forces of America will be forever weak and the forces of monopoly will predominate. Yet when that day comes and the migrant and industrial worker see that their destinies are intertwined, they will unite to remove the shadow of monopoly which today lies over the factories and fields of America. DAVID S. BURGESS

Italian War Prisoners

ACCORDING TO INFORMATION given out by the press recently, 95,000 captives of war were held in 38 United States camps; 45,000 were Germans and 50,000, Italians.

Many of the prisoners were farmers and naturally they may be utilized on farm lands. Others are building roads, working on dams, irrigation developments and similar projects. Many have special skills, like carpentry, stone masonry, house painting and tailoring; let us hope that they will be put to work.

The arms of those men will thus be employed. But what about their minds?

We have often been told that America has to "re-educate," nay "decontaminate," Europe. We may now "decontaminate" thousands of souls right here in this country without taking the trouble of going to Europe. What could be done? What is being done?

No doubt the captives, especially those who work on farms, will be treated with humanity everywhere. How the German prisoners will respond to generous treatment I am not in a position to say, since I have no wide experience with German mentality. But I know Italians and I am sure that humanity and generosity will not be wasted on most of them. This will be the first and not the least efficient means of reëducating them politically.

In Italy for twenty years the school, the book, the newspaper, the radio—everything has conspired to discredit democratic institutions and destroy democratic tradition. Each generation needs to be taught again the truths which come from past generations. If this work of education is not begun again for every newcomer, the tradition breaks down and mankind loses all it has gained from its past trials and errors. For our war prisoners we can mend the thread that fascism has broken.

Papers and radio talks should tell them how democracy works day by day in Britain and the United States. Its shortcomings should not be concealed; on the contrary, they should be frankly admitted and criticized. But its advantages for the common man in his daily life, the guarantees it offers to his moral dignity and welfare, the opportunities it opens for free coöperation against injustice and evil, should be described and commented upon. The prisoner should be made to realize that he can work not only *against* fascism, but *for* something better, and that this something better already exists within the reach of his hand.

For twenty years the history of Italy has been falsified by unscrupulous sycophants. In this connection also the thread has been broken and has to be mended. Books should be reprinted or translated into Italian

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om other languages: "The Life of Lorenzo Benoni," by Giovanni Ruffini, the lives of Garibaldi and Mazzini by Jessie White-Mario, "The Italian Patriots," by Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco, "Garibaldi and the Thousand" and "The Defense of Rome," by George Trevelyan, Ignazio Silone's "Fontamara," "Bread and Wine" and "The Seed Beneath the Snow," Borgese's "Goliath," and so on. The junior officers would find in these books healthy food for their starved minds. At least one weekly paper should be published. And some radio commentator should broadcast to the prisoners.

Among the war prisoners there are Fascists, anti-Fascists and men who hate Mussolini and fascism but do not know what to expect, what to hope, what to love. Are all these men to be herded together? Such a tragic mistake was made by the British in 1940 when they had to dispose of Italian "enemy aliens." The story went around that an internee who protested that he was an anti-Fascist was told: "We do not care what kind of Fascist you are." Perhaps the story was not true, but there are legends that are truer than history. In Canada the Fascist Catholic priests who had for twenty years poisoned the minds of Italians, were set free under the protection of their bishops, whereas anti-Fascist workers were kept in concentration camps.

In India the prisoners were put under the supervision of an English newspaperman, Mr. I. S. Munro, who had lived in Rome as one of Mussolini's apologists and to whom we owe a book, "Through Fascism to World Power," filled from the first to the last page with disgusting Fascist junk. A few months ago, agents of the Fascist Party still controlled the camps. The prisoners had to accept Fascist membership cards and pay their dues to the party. The chaplains worked hand in glove with the Fascist "party chiefs" or "hierarchs." Four anti-Fascists were killed in one camp, and one in another. In Australia an anti-Fascist, Francesco Fantini, on November 16, 1942, was killed by the Fascists among whom he was forced to live. We are told that at last the British authorities realized that a division must be made between fire and water. But already most people had been subdued by Fascist terror. They were afraid that as soon they disclosed their views, the British would again leave them unprotected against the Fascist gangsters.

What about America?

From The New York Herald Tribune of May 31, 1943, we gather that among the German war prisoners who work at the Denison Dam reservoir, "a Catholic priest conducts mass in the open for those of that faith, and Protestant services are to be instituted later." There is no objection to masses conducted by the Catholic priests. But why do Protestant services have to be instituted "later"? Those among the Italian war prisoners who ask for the spiritual assistance of Roman Catholic priests must have it. But no doubt there are among them many who do not feel any need for such assistance. Will they be forced to swallow it in order not to become black sheep? Will spiritual assistance be confined to the ministering of sacraments or will it turn into a permanent supervision? Roman Catholic priests and monks of Italian language are numerous in this country. Unfortunately, a large proportion of them have been agents of Fascist misinformation. Are Italians to be left in the hands of such "educators"?

A few months ago, in a military camp in Virginia, soldiers were being trained for the indoctrination of the Italians when American armed forces should occupy Italy. One of the instructors was a former owner of a beauty parlor. Here is how his pupils were learning the origin of the Fascist regime: "Before Mussolini came to power, all Italian Cabinet Ministers, Senators and Representatives were illiterate. The country could not carry on under the rule of illiterates. There were two Socialist parties, one good, led by Mussolini, and one bad, led by Modigliani, an agent of Moscow. And there were two Catholic parties, one good, led by Don Bosco, and one bad, led by Don Sturzo. The good Socialist party, led by Mussolini, and the good Catholic party, led by Don Bosco, formed an alliance, and so Mussolini went to power and Italy was saved." By the way, Don Bosco—a saintly and heroic man indeed—died in 1888, when Mussolini was five years old, and Modigliani was and still is one of the *bêtes noires* of the Communists. I feel no grudge against the beauty-parlor owner. He was doing his best. But who chose him as an instructor? And who chose the chooser? Will this kind of "decontamination" be administered to the Italian war prisoners?

I have before me some rather disconcerting documents. The publisher of an anti-Fascist paper of San Francisco, Il Corriere del Popolo, received a letter last August from the headquarters of a prisoner-of-war camp, telling him that Italian prisoners of war in the camp were interested in taking subscriptions to his newspaper and that his publication had been approved by the office of the Provost Marshal General. The publisher hastened to answer that he would be happy to send fifty copies of his paper free of charge. The headquarters of the camp gladly accepted the offer, commending the editorial policy of the paper for its opposition to fascism. But on August 26 the publisher was informed that "the prisoner-of-war-camp spokesman had expressed a desire that his paper was not to be distributed among the prisoners"; for this reason any further shipment was to be discontinued. It is plain that a Fascist has been swallowed as spokesman for the camp by the well meaning Yankee authorities.

American papers are allowed to circulate, but the prisoners who can read English are not many. The only Italian-language paper that is admitted is a weekly Catholic Il Crociato. This paper is issued in Brooklyn by a group of priests who for many years carried on the wildest and most unscrupulous brand of Fascist

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propaganda. Now they play possum and only interest themselves in religious matters.

The prisoners are under the control of senior officers ("the spokesmen") without anybody asking what kind of people these privileged gentlemen are. The Fascist regime survives in America after it has been (at least officially) abolished by the AMG in Italy.

Let me quote from letters written by a junior officer in an American prison camp:

In Italy I was a diligent listener to NBC. Now I am a prisoner of war. I have no acquaintances in this country. Please write me about America, this country which is bringing liberty to the world. I would like to be informed about it. But I have to be content with imagining it. Life here is good from the material and moral standpoint. Your fellow countrymen help us as best they can. We lack nothing. But those who share my opinions are disturbed by the Fascist elements. . . . They poison our life, already sad enough at the thought of our families. We are not given freedom of speech. I should like to go to some other camp or get some work, so as to avoid the contact with the Fascists. . . . You live in a free country where everyone is entitled to hold and express his own ideas. You did not live in Italy during twenty years of Fascist strangulation. Everyone who was devoted to liberty and democracy was crushed under the immense weight of injustice, violence, dishonesty and graft, unprecedented in history. The Fascists were not many in Italy. Yet those few men had crushed a whole people. Here one would believe that this camp has become the meeting place of all Italian Fascists. The majority of the officers are Fascist. The old men enjoyed a comfortable existence. The younger were brought up in a dark atmosphere, with no idea of what liberty and democracy might be. They were told that liberty and democracy were springs of anarchy. They are used to being violent in social as well as in private affairs. How can one live among these people? I feel morally suffocated.

Yet there are people who go around lecturing and chatting about ways and means of reëducating, nay decontaminating, Europe. They should start at home.

Who are the people who have been or will be put in charge of Italian war prisoners? What instructions did they receive from the policy-making authorities? Are they to be helped by private citizens in their task? What kind of private citizens are being asked or allowed to help?

At the root of all these questions lies this basic one. Are Italian human beings to be kept on Fascist ice, so that when they go back to Italy they will obey, with no repugnance, old or new Fascist chieftains? Or are they to be treated as reasonable animals, capable of seeing the light we see?

Here is no matter of military secrecy, on which laymen have nothing to say. Here is a moral and political problem which can be debated in public and should be publicly settled by the administration.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Elegy for a Dead Soldier

I

A white sheet on the tail-gate of a truck
Becomes an altar; two small candlesticks
Sputter at each side of the crucifix
Laid round with flowers brighter than the blood,
Red as the red of our apocalypse,
Hibiscus that a marching man will pluck
To stick into his rifle or his hat,
And great blue morning-glories pale as lips
That shall no longer taste or kiss or swear.
The wind begins a low magnificat,
The chaplain chats, the palmtrees swirl their hair,
The columns come together through the mud.

II

We too are ashes as we watch and hear
The psalm, the sorrow, and the simple praise
Of one whose promised thoughts of other days
Were such as ours, but now wholly destroyed,
The service record of his youth wiped out,
His dream dispersed by shot, must disappear.
What can we feel but wonder at a loss
That seems to point at nothing but the doubt
Which flirts our sense of luck into the ditch?
Reader of Paul who prays beside this fosse,
Shall we believe our eyes or legends rich
With glory and rebirth beyond the void?

III

For this comrade is dead, dead in the war,
A young man out of millions yet to live,
One cut away from all that war can give,
Freedom of self and peace to wander free.
Who mourns in all this sober multitude
Who did not feel the bite of it before
The bullet found its aim? This worthy flesh,
This boy laid in a coffin and reviewed—
Who has not wrapped himself in this same flag,
Heard the light fall of dirt, his wound still fresh,
Felt his eyes closed, and heard the distant brag
Of the last volley of humanity?

IV

By chance I saw him die, stretched on the ground,
A tattooed arm lifted to take the blood
Of someone else sealed in a tin. I stood
During the last delirium that stays
The intelligence a tiny moment more,

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And then the strangulation, the last sound.
The end was sudden, like a foolish play,
A stupid fool slamming a foolish door,
The absurd catastrophe, half-prearranged,
And all the decisive things still left to say.
So we disbanded, angrier and unchanged,
Sick with the utter silence of dispraise.

V

We ask for no statistics of the killed,
For nothing political impinges on
This single casualty, or all those gone,
Missing or healing, sinking or dispersed,
Hundreds of thousands counted, millions lost.
More than an accident and less than willed
Is every fall, and this one like the rest.
However others calculate the cost,
To us the final aggregate is *one*,
One with a name, one transferred to the blest;
And though another stoops and takes the gun,
We cannot add the second to the first.

VI

I would not speak for him who could not speak
Unless my fear were true: he was not wronged,
He knew to which decision he belonged
But let it choose itself. Ripe in instinct,
Neither the victim nor the volunteer,
He followed, and the leaders could not seek
Beyond the followers. Much of this he knew;
The journey was a detour that would steer
Into the Lincoln Highway of a land
Remorselessly improved, excited, new,
And that was what he wanted. He had planned
To earn and drive. He and the world had winked.

VII

No history deceived him, for he knew
Little of times and armies not his own;
He never felt that peace was but a loan,
Had never questioned the idea of gain.
Beyond the headlines once or twice he saw
The gathering of a power by the few
But could not tell their names; he cast his vote,
Distrusting all the elected but not law.
He laughed at socialism; *on mourrait*
Pour les industriels? He shed his coat
And not for brotherhood, but for his pay.
To him the red flag marked the sewer main.

VIII

Above all else he loathed the homily,
The slogan and the ad. He paid his bill
But not for congressmen at Bunker Hill.
Ideals were few and those there were not made
For conversation. He belonged to church
But never spoke of God. The Christmas tree,
The Easter egg, baptism, he observed,
Never denied the preacher on his perch,
And would not sign Resolved That or Whereas.
Softness he had and hours and nights reserved
For thinking, dressing, dancing to the jazz.
His laugh was real, his manners were home-made.

IX

Of all men poverty pursued him least;
He was ashamed of all the down and out,
Spurned the panhandler like an uneasy doubt,
And saw the unemployed as a vague mass
Incapable of hunger or revolt.
He hated other races, south or east,
And shoved them to the margin of his mind.
He could recall the justice of the Colt,
Take interest in a gang-war like a game.
His ancestry was somewhere far behind
And left him only his peculiar name.
Doors opened, and he recognized no class.

X

His children would have known a heritage,
Just or unjust, the richest in the world,
The quantum of all art and science curled
In the horn of plenty, bursting from the horn,
A people bathed in honey, Paris come,
Vienna transferred with the highest wage,
A World's Fair spread to Phoenix, Jacksonville,
Earth's capitol, the new Byzantium,
Kingdom of man—who knows? Hollow or firm,
No man can ever prophesy until
Out of our death some undiscovered germ,
Whole toleration or pure peace is born.

IX

The time to mourn is short that best becomes
The military dead. We lift and fold the flag,
Lay bare the coffin with its written tag,
And march away. Behind, four others wait
To lift the box, the heaviest of loads.
The anesthetic afternoon benumbs,
Sickens our senses, forces back our talk.
We know that others on tomorrow's roads
Will fall, ourselves perhaps, the man beside,
Over the world the threatened, all who walk;
And could we mark the grave of him who died
We would write this beneath his name and date—

Epitaph

Underneath this wooden cross there lies
A Christian killed in battle. You who read,
Remember that this stranger died in pain;
And passing here, if you can lift your eyes
Upon a peace kept by the human creed,
Know that one soldier has not died in vain.

KARL J. SHAPIRO

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Washington Notes

Government under Wraps

THERE ARE SIGNS that the Christmas recess has had a moderating influence on the Tory congressional antagonists of President Roosevelt, the type of men who have hot heads and cold hearts. The members of the Senate Finance Committee, under Sen. Walter F. George, who voted so blithely to emasculate contract renegotiation, and open war orders to a flood of profiteering, have thought better of it; the Senators who originally didn't care much whether the soldiers voted have had a chance to talk to the soldiers' parents; the Representatives who were blindly following the anti-subsidy farm bloc have done some reflecting, too. For a time things may be easier in Washington while the influence of the home folks is still felt; then the pressure groups will close in again on individual members, the political passions of the fast approaching election will rise, and about June, when it will be time to recess for the nominating conventions, things should be at a nice white heat once more and all thoughts of constructive legislation might as well be abandoned till after November. The incidental facts that the European war may be reaching a climax about that time and that war-end legislation may be needed, have nothing to do with the matter.

Why is America having an election at this time anyway? Nobody wants it. Since nobody else states it, I suppose I must. The bald fact is that it is because a rigid, century-and-half-old Constitution requires it. The brutal fact is that the Constitution is in many respects obsolete. Until that fact is boldly faced, reformers will waste a lot of their time. What is the great postwar international danger? That the archaic two-thirds rule for Senate peace-treaty ratification will prevent American coöperation, as it did after World War I. That rule is planted firmly in the Constitution and you can't get it out save by constitutional amendment requiring an almost impossible hurdle of three-fourths of the states. Under a mistaken notion of Montesquieu's, the Founding Fathers imbedded the separation of powers, between the executive and legislative, into our Constitution. Montesquieu thought that was the secret of stable British government, and the Founding Father's picked up his error. Today this makes chronic antagonism between President and Congress. It isn't Congress v. Roosevelt; it is Congress v. *any President.* I have been in Washington for twenty years, and this condition has been almost constant. Under our system of divided authority, it is nearly impossible to pin down responsibility here. Nothing better illustrates this than the current stabilization problems: nobody has final responsibility for the lack of adequate taxes, or for all the other technical steps so much needed to "hold the line."

Americans have the greatest genius for self-government in the world, which is why they can make the ancient, clanking old system work; but every day of a smaller world and more complex problems requiring faster solutions, makes the job harder. Almost any modification of a parliamentary system would be better than our present rotten-borough, bicameral, split-power government, that bedevils every member of the House with an election every two years, while it relieves two-thirds of the Senators of any election danger at all in a presidential campaign year.

After that outburst there is only space left me for the random notes which follow. First, as to the Roosevelt family. Mrs. Roosevelt is gaining back the weight she lost on her more than usually energetic Australian trip, but is still under normal. . . . As originally prepared Mr. Roosevelt's Christmas-eve broadcast began "Fellow citizens," but as he waited to go on the air, black pencil in hand, he reflected that his audience would be much wider than America, and reverted to the time-tried "My friends." Incidentally, the Roosevelt broadcast in French, recorded for transmission at the start of the North African campaign began, "Mes amis." . . . I was watching Mr. Roosevelt's face when Bert Andrews of The New York Herald Tribune put the "fourth-term" question at the end of the "Dr. Win-the-War" allegory last week. For an instant he flared up, and began his reply angrily, but the good nature attendant on recapitulating the New Deal accomplishments soon reasserted itself, and he ended with a laugh. Andrews' question was, of course, perfectly legitimate, as was Mr. Roosevelt's refusal to commit himself. It was amusing to watch the President's face as he went over that historic list of New Deal achievements—a collection of social reforms surely unique in American annals. Mr. Roosevelt is a good actor and put on a look, whether real or studied, of self-deprecatory worth as he recited them, a good deal like a modest but excellent scholar compelled to read aloud the latest marks on his shining report card.

Military men don't see much hope here of surprise, in the usual sense, in the forthcoming cross-channel invasion. Preparations must be so vast that the Germans can probably spot them from the air, and weather conditions pretty well limit the start to early spring. That is one of the reasons the thing is being talked about so openly. However, what the Germans can't tell exactly, is where the blow is going to strike, or which, of perhaps several thrusts, will be the big one. That is where the "surprise" will come in.

Most Americans evidently don't realize the problems, and the perhaps precarious circumstances of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. The European phase of the war had *better* end in 1944, as all the American leaders are now, with significant unanimity, suddenly forecasting it will. (Marshal Stalin will probably be as pleased as Chiang at this sign of American determination.) But China is in a dreadfully difficult position. She is cut off. Inflation is dangerous. Anglo-American aid is still on the periphery. Chiang's internal antagonists are at least as strong as those facing Mr. Roosevelt. Of the leaders of Chiang's three great allies, Mr. Roosevelt is probably the only one convinced of China's future as a major power. Stalin is aloof; Churchill has a different approach, to put it mildly. It was well for everybody that these critical matters could be raised and threshed out face-to-face at the Roosevelt-Churchill-Chiang conference at Cairo, as we must assume they were.

Washington T. R. B.

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Mrs. Parsons, etc.

LOUELLA ("I have always had a gift for creating a great deal of confusion in otherwise normal lives") O. Parsons has written a Hollywood gossip column in Hearst papers for around thirty years, and "The Gay Illiterate" (Doubleday, Doran, $2) is her own gabbling tribute to that fact. Mrs. Parsons' gossip column has always been an unincisive, undiscerning cliché-ridden portrait of Hollywood affairs, and her book doesn't confuse the record. Only the most famous stars get into Lollie's gallery, and only if they bring two of Mrs. Parsons' adjectives with them: "gay, bronzed Doug," "honest little Mary," "vivid little Bebe," "impish little Dorothy Gish," and "unhappy little Rita." Mrs. Parsons, who hates Henry Luce because Mr. Luce's Time Magazine describes her as "plump, pompous and prattling" and then runs a cut of her taken when she was ill and looking her worst, is apt to describe anyone but Primo Carnera as little. Long, worn-out Hollywood stories like the Fairbanks-Pickford break, or Mabel Normand's narcotic addiction or Valentino's passion for Pola Negri are resurrected once more to prove Mrs. Parsons' savvy, and are buried after little clarification with a typical Parsons' deathblow, like "I could not help but feel that at least she [little Jean Harlow] had found peace," or, "It is one of the great personal tragedies of the industry that this girl [lovable little Mabel Normand] lost her way," or "Would it have been a real love story or were they just two artists playing at an emotion at which both were past masters?"

Mrs. Parsons is extremely contented with her accomplishments, referring to her life as "fabulous, the gayest success path, a popular fable," and it is touching to see her describe with such throat-catching pride her most magnificent triumph—Louella O. Parsons Day in Dixon, Illinois (which Time claims she staged to offset a Hedda Hopper Day in a nearby town). Her autobiography is equally affecting when a certain regret gets into the mother's voice that her daughter, Harriet, brilliant as she is, hasn't been as successful as she might have been with a less disliked name. "The Gay Illiterate" is generally a testimonial banquet to Mrs. Parsons and her immediate family, with a few close friends of the family—Marion Davies, William R. Hearst and Bebe Daniels—getting some good plugs in that unbelievable style Mrs. Parsons calls chatting.

Simon and Schuster's latest collection expansively titled "A Pictorial History of the Movies" ($3.95), though it includes shots from American movies only, is a book to spend several days in with the same fascination, curiosity and interest that you give to the Montgomery Ward catalogue or Radio City Music Hall. It includes stills from most of the important American films and from apparently all of the unimportant ones, and since the attitude of the compilers—Deems Taylor, Bryant Hale and Marceene Peterson—has been that of amused, tolerant adults looking at a quaint, disreputable but likable child, your response to this particular collection is apt to take in the same grades and qualities of feeling. For it seems that the one standard for selection has been to get a still from each movie in which all of the main performers' faces are turned to the audience, and the comment on each, by Deems Taylor, to consist mainly of telling you who they are. There are few stills here that sum up the effect of the entire movie, or have a perfect realization of a special personality, or are simply a fine piece of photography, and as a result those from favorite or memorable or important movies often turn out to be disappointing. The shots are preponderantly medium ones, and the lack of close-ups or long shots is dulling and lessens the importance and interest of the whole thing. The incapable eye and attitude that chose these pictures (the general arrangement and design are as clear and coherent as a Macy's Christmas crowd) compiled an edition that is not what it could well have been—a guide to what is artistically possible in the movies and what has been most significant in them. But in spite of its mediocrity, there is a world of enjoyment in it that comes from the pleasant and amusing recognitions, associations and remembrances that go with any album. And now and then you come across a scene that is marvelous—Buster Keaton in "The Navigator," or Barthelmess in "Tol'able David."

Miss Lillian Hellman's master script for "The North Star" has now been brought out in book form (Viking, $2). The picture did not do, I think, as well with this script as it warranted, and Miss Hellman's accusations that someone—she says Director Milestone—tinkered it in the filming seems borne out by a reading of the original. But it is still too quickly and purposefully a pat on the back for the Russians, without being at the same time even close to an important experience of them. MANNY FARBER

A Communication

This Color Business

SIR: Color prejudice is a dreadful obstacle in the path of those who search for a brave new world. If it were not tragic, the warped and distorted outlook of white colorphobes toward their colored brethren would provide the material for cynical comedy and devastating satitre.

In Jamaica, most of the elected members of our Legislative Council, together with numerous public officers and magistrates, some heads of government departments, two Privy Councillors, one Judge of the Court of Appeal and many of the leading solicitors, barristers, doctors and professional men, are colored. In the Legislative Council black men and white mingle freely, in equality, and on the best of terms. We are essentially a black-and-white team; and, speaking from personal experience, I am sure the average colored Jamaican legislator is as intelligent and as public-spirited as the average American congressman.

Coming up from Jamaica to New York, my wife remarked on the signs indicating color segregation at Southern railway stations. She had never encountered Jim Crow before. These signs, and my wife's amazement at them, woke me up to the terrible significance of what we were seeing. I wondered what a Southerner would say if he came to our house in Jamaica and found colored men, prominent citizens of our community, as his fellow guests.

Even up North I have heard people talk of "our Niggers' getting too damn fresh." What do white people mean

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when they talk of a Negro "getting fresh"? On questioning, you seldom find any tangible rudeness. If the remark had come from the humblest white, that "freshness" would be overlooked. It would be put down to ignorance. But coming from a black man, it is different; or so these colorphobes fancy. Generally speaking, talk of Negro "freshness" amounts to nothing more than that the black man has talked to the white on a man-to-man basis. The Negro is apparently expected to behave like a docile animal. If he speaks like a man, he is "fresh."

In Jamaica the whites represent about one percent of the population. In 1938, owing mainly to the very high percentage of unemployed workers, there was a good deal of unrest, culminating in disorder. Yet at the time of these so-called "riots" not a single white man was injured, except in the course of police duty or through deliberately provocative action. Nor was a single white woman molested, let alone raped. Of course there were plenty of stories—terrible tales of murder, arson and rape. But not one of them was ever authenticated by the police. As against this, I could give many instances of good-humored tolerance on the part of these crowds of impoverished black "rioters."

In other words, most of these hair-raising stories of riot and rape, emanating from places where whites and Negroes mingle—and especially from localities where the Negro is in the majority—are the fabrication of frightened whites, suffering, presumably, from an acute attack of overdue conscience on account of their own shortcomings in dealing with their darker-complexioned neighbors.

The United States has a splendid opportunity to set an example in this color business. But it would seem that colorphobia is still a fairly widespread disease in the land of the free. I have heard most intolerant expressions against the Negro from Americans in all walks of life. Some trade unions, even, discriminate against Negro workers.

Education must take a hand in curing this dangerous psychosis. And we must see to it, particularly, that where communities of mixed color exist, there shall be co-education of black and white children. This is what has happened to a steadily increasing extent in Jamaica. The results are hopeful. For if a white boy is beaten by a black classmate, in work or in play, it is difficult for that same white boy to go out into life believing that he comes from superior stock. It is for this reason that recent attempts to segregate Negro children in schools around New York City should be resisted by every decent American.

When white people point to the small percentage of Negroes, for example, who have attained world reputations in the professions, arts or sciences, do they ever consider the small proportion of children of black extraction who receive a college education? Do they ever consider the small proportion of educated white men who achieve world renown in the field of outstanding intellectual achievement? And, finally, do they properly comprehend the unspoken conspiracy that everywhere exists among white folk to keep the Negro "where he belongs"?

One more point. "Would you like your daughter, or your sister, to marry a black man?" How often has that foolish question been fired at me, triumphantly, by angry and confused Negrophobes. My answer is always the same—"In practice the question does not arise." After all, how often does a white woman marry a black man in countries like Jamaica, where there is a prosperous and cultured society of black and brown people mingling freely with people of white skin. The answer is—very seldom.

With the great and increasing Negro population in the United States, Americans should be setting out to kill colorphobia and race prejudice. But are they? Segregation in the South; race riots in the North. These are bad blots on the good name of the largest democracy.

Surely, the average American would be somewhat ashamed if he realized that, only recently, the Legislative Council of Jamaica had seriously to debate whether Jamaican citizens should be allowed to work in the Southern states—for fear that colored workers who had been used to considering themselves as independent human beings, might be the cause of "incidents" if treated as inferiors.

In the face of this great country's failure to solve internal race problems on a democratic and humanitarian basis, what hope is there for ambitious schemes for ensuring permanent peace and plenty in every quarter of the globe? Is it too late to ask that, along with peace planning, some great effort be made to ensure that colored peoples should everywhere enjoy equality of education and opportunity with their white-skinned neighbors? Is it too much to ask that white people should recognize that in fact, as in the sight of God, the color of a man's skin is of no significance?

Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. R. L. M. KIRKWOOD

The Bandwagon

A friend of mine who is a spy has just returned from Europe. . . . He states that throughout the continent an amazing phenomenon has been observed. . . . The Germans are growing horns. The condition was originally noticed last July among some of the older people in Silesia. . . . Recently children have been born with horns well over an inch long, located immediately above the ears. . . . My friend stated that . . . he heard an unverified rumor that several babies had been born in Mannheim with short tails. . . .

This is the most important scientific event since the development of the theory of the Aryan race. The news is not entirely unexpected to those of us who, like Clifton Fadiman and Noel Coward, were already acquainted with the nature of German character. . . .

My friend . . . intends to go to England, for he has heard that a set of twins were born in Sussex with wings. He is awaiting news of a similar event in the United States. – *From a letter in Time Magazine.*

But it came to pass that it was not the Communists alone whom the Nazis hunted and slaughtered. When they said Communist they meant every decent and honest person as well. – *From The New Masses.*

Brave New World

He made an inspiring plea for Christian democracy and white supremacy, stating these were the greatest things which should emerge from this terrible catastrophe. – *Ex-Governor Talmadge of Georgia, in a speech at a dinner given by the Ku Klux Klan of Porterdale, Georgia, as reported in The Atlanta Constitution.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Garden City v. Suburbanism

SIR: The Messrs. Percival and Paul Goodman have written a valuable survey of "Architecture in Wartime" [The New Republic, December 20]: it deserves to be widely discussed. But they have done their perspicacious analysis a serious injustice by their inaccurate and loose use of the term "garden city," and it is possible that this error is the result of a confusion in their own thinking.

The essential feature of the Garden City, as defined by Ebenezer Howard and carried out in Letchworth and Welwyn Garden Cities, is the complete integration of domestic, civic, industrial, commercial and agricultural facilities: it is limited in size, balanced in function—in short, organically planned. What the Messrs. Goodman describe as the "good layout" is precisely what the garden-city movement has sought to establish.

Except Radburn, none of the American examples held up for adverse criticism by the authors has been influenced by garden-city principles. What the Messrs. Goodman are really criticizing in their layout is something quite different: (1) open planning without respect to function, (2) narrow, stratified zoning and (3) inorganic planning. To attribute any of these evils to the garden city is an outrageous misuse of terms. What they justly criticize should be properly labeled suburbanism—a symptom of metropolitan disorder and disintegration.

Letchworth Garden City was laid out on a combination of open and close planning; it is not a suburb in any sense. The old New England township before 1840 was laid out on an even more open plan; but the open planning was closely related to both its agricultural and industrial functions. Both are examples of integrated communities; and if a combination of rural and urban facilities is to be achieved it will be by translating the New England township into the social and technical terms appropriate to our own age.

When the Messrs. Goodman make a blanket charge against both open planning and zoning they undermine the excellent objectives they themselves have stated. What they are really asking for is the garden city, organized on a regional scale; and if they are right in thinking that industry must be reduced to a human scale and integrated with domestic life—and I heartily agree with them here—they will find that this purpose calls for an even more open order of planning, and perhaps a wider dispersion of facilities—wider in space though closer in time—than the original garden city planners provided for.

Stanford University, Calif. LEWIS MUMFORD

SIR: May we call to Mr. Mumford's attention that, far from adversely criticizing the Letchworth plan of Ebenezer Howard, we say (1) that "in the original [garden] city, planning apart from the supporting industries was not even thought of, and the distances are walking distances"; and (2) that the zoning of industry was there correct because of the nature of the factories. But what was then necessary is now unnecessary because of technological changes.

In general it has been Mumford's great virtue to insist, often almost alone, on the integration of community functions; but apparently he cannot imagine that his means to this end are not the only ones, and therefore he explains that we "really mean" what he means, when we really mean something very different. What we mean is (1) not the integration of a large region united by motor cars, but a *city square* on which homes, public buildings, factories and markets all open out; (2) we mean an integration of the day's life not grounded in the separation of work and culture, but in a change of both the work and culture, and of the attitude toward both, that will first make a culture possible; (3) we mean a simplicity of life not attained by adding complexity and overcoming it by "speed," but by eliminating, as far as possible, everything that is merely an intermediary "facility" and neither production nor consumption. If Mr. Mumford cannot understand our propositions, "it is possible" that it is not necessarily we who are confused.

New York City PERCIVAL GOODMAN and PAUL GOODMAN

Kipling and Eliot

SIR: Mr. Auden's view of Kipling [The New Republic, October 24] is interesting, and neat—too neat. Kipling wrote a lot about the ancient Romans and he admired the ancient Roman code. He also admired the code of the Old Testament. He admired discipline in almost any form. And today we are having a devil of a time beating a thoroughly disciplined enemy. Too disciplined; and we shall beat them. But discipline does count for something, and Man is a besieged animal; besieged by the things in himself, I agree, no less than by the things outside. The best thing to be said against "If" Mr. Auden has said, but all counsels of perfection are—counsels of perfection. He also said an excellent thing about the adolescent mind and "The Wasteland." But that *all* Art is not Magic—*some* Art most certainly is not—my, my, what a sweeping statement! I should say that *some* art is indubitably magic, and some of Kipling's is—and who the hell is Prof. R. G. Collingwood that he hath suddenly grown so great? On what meat doth he feed? There be other oracles.

Eliot is interior. Kipling is chiefly—not always—exterior. Eliot's distinction between poetry and verse gives to himself the poetry, to Kipling the verse. Very neat. Too neat again.

It may not be too fanciful for me to find in the substitution in the quotation from "Pharaoh and the Sergeant" of (in the last line) the word "hearkened" for the actual word "harked" —thereby spoiling the meter and weakening the language—the difference between the "literary" and Kipling. It is true that Kipling usually handles the Sons of Mary without much comprehension, but the Sons of Mary certainly have it in them to be very feeble and annoying. I must say I have never found in Kipling the "nostalgic daydreams of Mom and the roses round the door." The dedication to "The Light That Failed" is not precisely "Mother Machree." "The Love Song of Har Dyal" is devoted too. That also is how human beings feel, and what's wrong with it? "The Prayer of Miriam Cohen" may be one reason why Auden thinks Kipling was not interested in "intellectual discovery." In the same sense, surely, Mr. Eliot is equally uninterested. There are other good discoveries, like the discovery of Rahere. Why quote about "the hump" when you can quote from that? (It is, by the bye, "camelious hump" not "camelions hump" as your proofreader hath it.) But is there no understanding of "intellectual discovery" in "The Miracle"? Or how does one define "intellectual discovery"? Certainly this poet was deeply moved by mechanical discovery, and how does that come into being without intellect? I think he well knew also what physics could do and had done:

> I read the storm before it fell
> And made the better haste of it.

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Certainly no one has written better of The Explorer. As for Kipling's poetry being "arid," I simply do not know what Mr. Auden means. It is, perhaps, too rich in human nature; while Eliot's is often quite arid, if you like. In any event, Mr. Auden's attempt at appraisal is far more intelligent than that pitiable one by Miss Bogan in a recent New Yorker. God forbid that I should agree even with everything this great man said, but there was often great wisdom in him, and he certainly found life far more than merely a desperate fight against the Powers of Darkness. Apropos of those same Powers, just what is it we are fighting now? Not only Nature is dangerous. So is Human Nature. (*Business of dropping theorbo.*)

New York City WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

P. S. Could this be praise of intellectual discovery, even though the poem commemorates Joseph Chamberlain?

He, single-handed, met and slew
Magicians, Armies, Ogres, Kings.
He lonely 'mid his doubting crew—
"In all the loneliness of wings"—
He fed the flame, he filled the springs,
He locked the ranks, he launched the van
Straight at the grinning Teeth of Things . . . etc., etc.

W. R. B.

SIR: I must thank Mr. Benét for his restraint in pointing out only two of the misprints in my review of Kipling. To my knowledge there were at least four bad ones. For these, since I cannot type and my fist is barely legible, I am entirely to blame. But to generalize my personal failings into a blanket condemnation, to suggest that all intellectual poets are careless and all poets of "The Common Man" precise, is unworthy of him.

It was perhaps unwise in a review to raise so large and controversial a question as the nature of Art, and it is certainly impossible to deal with it adequately now. I can only say that if the magical effect which, of course, a work of art often has, be identified with its esthetic value, then the conclusions of Plato and of Tolstoy that Art is immoral seem to me to be irrefutable. They may well be right, but I doubt if Mr. Benét thinks so. Again, Professor Collingwood's theory may be wrong, but it is not answered by asking rhetorically: "Who the hell is Professor Collingwood?"

By "intellectual discovery" I mean the search for intellectual truths (not of course the most important ones) without concern for any glory or profit it may bring. "The Miracles" are, as they usually are in Kipling, technical inventions which benefit man, in this case by enabling him to send a love letter a long way. On the other hand, "The Prayer of Miriam Cohen," a poem of which I am particularly fond, *is* about pure intellectual curiosity and its very real dangers. My criticism of Kipling is, not that he draws attention to these, but that, on the whole, he seems to doubt if they are worth risking. Of Mr. Benét's query about the Chamberlain poem, I cannot, I am afraid, make head or tail.

"Arid" may not be the best adjective to apply to Kipling's work, but Mr. Benét seems to have taken it in the sense I intended, *i. e.*, as an opposite to rich or profound. We encounter a great many more people and situations in Kipling's poetry than in, say, Eliot's, but there are few poems of the former in which we find more meaning each time we read them. Mr. Benét says of "The Love Song of Har Dyal," "that also is how human beings feel." It would be truer to say, "that is how human beings think they feel," *i. e.*, our feelings are always much more complex than we realize. When we read Kipling we can usually say, "That is just how I feel." Of course there is nothing "wrong" with that, but, when we read a great poet, we say, "I never realized before what I felt. From now on, thanks to this poem, I shall feel differently."

In saying: "He admired the Roman code. He also admired the Old Testament. He admired discipline in *almost any form*" (italics mine), Mr. Benét exactly puts his finger on the characteristic of Kipling for which, in my review, I was trying to account, namely, his rejection of the Christian beliefs: (a) that discipline is to be judged by the end to which it is a means ("though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing"); (b) that man is a "besieged animal" because he is a self-imprisoned spirit; his experience of life as a dualism between good and evil is a consequence of his sin, and even fighting for the good does not cancel his guilt; (c) that the barbaric and the demonic come from "outside," but so too does Grace.

Swarthmore, Pa. W. H. AUDEN

Dr. Lin and Miss Mitchell

SIR: I have read the review of Lin Yutang's "Between Tears and Laughter" in your October 4 issue and am also uncertain whether to laugh or cry. With a competent grasp of Lin Yutang's role and of the Eastern situation, Kate Mitchell describes in an injured tone [his] picture of the attitude of Britain and the United States toward China.

Since it was only hours earlier that I heard both the AFL and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce (strange bedfellows!) raise their voices in opposition to the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act, I must rate Kate Mitchell's summary of Lin Yutang's picture remarkably accurate and just. For an ally who first felt Japan's fascist war and to whom we have extended minute aid only after we ourselves were attacked, the gesture of admitting 105 Chinese a year is a very late and niggardly form of recognition. Lin Yutang realizes as well as we that there are liberal and race-prejudice-free men in the United States, but that interesting fact is of little aid to China as she bears the brunt of Japan's vicious war. Dr. Lin has waited since July 7, 1937, when China herself was invaded, and surely he may be forgiven some impatience when, after six years, China is still receiving less aid than any of the other "Allied" nations. Anger instead of tears would be the response of any less philosophic victim.

Stanford University, Calif. F. W. WEYMOUTH

From The New Republic Mail Bag

From a private stationed at George Field, Lawrenceville, Illinois, a letter on veterans' organization. Pvt. H. G. holds that an exclusive labor veterans' organization would be too limited. He hopes that the forthcoming veterans' organization will, however, be pro-labor, including men and women from all backgrounds. He writes that a number of his comrades have been exchanging letters with a view to the formation of such a group.

H. G. Gough writes from Los Angeles to answer Richard H. Rovere, who asked in The New Republic of December 20 for a good book reporting the American domestic scene at the present time. Mr. Gough thinks that a book edited by Dr. W. F. Ogburn of the University of Chicago, entitled "American Society in Wartime," may be what Mr. Rovere is looking for.

We have received the first number of International Postwar Problems, a quarterly review published by the American Labor Conference on International Affairs. Presenting a discussion of postwar political, economic and social problems, the issue contains articles by William Green, Clinton S. Golden, Robert MacIver and Alvin H. Hansen, among others, and a section of surveys and comments devoted to recent developments in social security. We would like to offer our best wishes to the editors of the new quarterly.

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Books in Review

Editions of Shakespeare

I.

THE PURPOSE OF THIS SURVEY is to give the general reader and book-buyer a brief account of the most easily available editions of Shakespeare which are now on the market so that he may be in a better position than he might be otherwise to know what he wants. I will begin with the cheapest, and, generally speaking, work up.[1]

Pocket Books (25 cents a volume) reprints ten plays: five comedies in one volume, five tragedies in another. The text is that of the Cambridge edition of 1863, which is standard, though not unchallenged. The volumes contain introductions to the individual plays by John Masefield, reprinted from his book on Shakespeare published in 1911 in the Home University Library. These are very uneven; their chief weakness as a whole is that they largely ignore the dramatic structure of the plays, a common fault of Shakespearean criticism thirty years ago. There are also synopses of the plots made by J. Walker McSpadden. He would have done better to make something else. I do not know at what level of intelligence such synopses are aimed; by their very nature, they are bound to distort the plays, and though they may be well meant, they invariably do more harm than good. But the Pocket Book Shakespeare is, on the whole, well worth its small cost. The type is excellent.

The three most obviously "popular" editions of the complete works in one volume are those published respectively by W. J. Black (89 cents), the Collins Clear-Type Press ($3) and Grosset and Dunlap ($1.49). As far as the text and glossary are concerned, the first two are identical, the Black being a reprint of the Collins. Both arrange the comedies and tragedies in an order unrecognizable by either tradition or chronology, and the glossary which they share in common is inadequate to the point of impotence. The binding of the Black edition is a ghastly eye-sore, that of the Collins edition is respectable and neat. The Collins edition also contains (which the Black edition does not) an introduction by St. John Ervine, an anonymous biography of Shakespeare written in the most up-to-date style of the 1870's, and a discussion of the Baconian controversy by the late Sir Henry Irving. The Grosset and Dunlap reprint mentions the source of its text (the Cambridge) and it includes at the back the scanty notes which Israel Gollancz originally wrote for the Temple edition. But the type is unattractively minute and if the volume were to be recommended at all, it would have to be done in a voice so faint as to be virtually inaudible.

There are three inexpensive editions of the plays in three volumes, all of which avoid double columns—that inevitable curse of the single-volume editions. These are the Everyman (95 cents a volume), the Modern Library (95 cents a volume) and, more costly, the Oxford ($2.50 a volume). The Everyman reprints, without saying so, the Cambridge text, and is easy to read. The apparatus consists of a competent glossary and an introductory page of chronology which states that the Sonnets were written in 1608 (they were almost certainly written before 1600) and that Shakespeare had a hand in the lost "Cardenio," a fact that cannot easily be verified. It is unfortunate that two such misleading statements should occur in so small a space.

The most recent of the three-volume editions is that of the Modern Library, a very agreeable job of printing, on which the publishers are to be congratulated. But they give no indication as to which text is used, an omission as reprehensible as it is exasperating. The reader has a right to know whose judgment he is being asked to follow, and the editor who has done the work should receive acknowledgment. Actually the text is that of the Oxford edition by W. J. Craig (1916)—so is the glossary. The three-volume Oxford edition, being more expensive, is handsomer; of all the available editions it is the one in which it is easiest to make marginal notes. It contains interesting, if old-fashioned, essays by Edward Dowden on the individual plays. Oxford also has a one-volume edition ($1.50) in double columns which combines, more successfully than any other, compactness in size with legibility of type. In spite of minor objections which can be made against the Oxford text in general, this is the best of the cheap one-volume editions to own.

Oxford also publishes the Shakespeare Head edition, in photo-offset, with the text of A. H. Bullen ($3). This edition prints the plays in their probable order of composition, instead of in the arbitrary order of the Folio, and there are many readers who will consider this an advantage. There are, however, difficulties: the dates of certain plays, "Timon," for example, cannot be exactly determined, and it is awkward not to have the historical plays put in the sequence of their historical subject matter. But these difficulties are not insuperable and I, for one, am strongly in favor of having a reader unfamiliar with Shakespeare given his works in the order in which he presumably wrote them.

In this edition the problem of critical apparatus is easily solved: the publishers merely reprint the accounts of Shakespeare's life and of the individual plays from Sir Paul Harvey's "Oxford Companion to English Literature." The readability of the type barely makes up for the off-hand and unsatisfactory effect given by such false economy.

A further one-volume edition, now prominent in bookstores, which also prints the plays in chronological order, is a reprint of the Cambridge text with an introduction by Christopher Morley and illustrations by Rockwell Kent (Garden City, $3.95). The binding is handsome, the type is excellently clear, there are useful historical notes to each play, and Gollancz's scrimpy Temple notes are included. To my taste, however, the illustrations are very ugly, with nothing of Shakespeare in them, and Mr. Morley's introduction is too full of Mr. Morley. Shakespeare does not need this kind of adornment.

[1] My list does not pretend to be exhaustive. I have excluded (a) editions which print each play in a single volume and (b) selections of plays primarily intended for use in schools and colleges.

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2.

Of far greater interest to the serious reader than any of the above-mentioned reprints are two recent one-volume editions of Shakespeare, both of which are the result of many years of careful work and thought, and either of which the reader will want to own as his most modern and authoritative text. These are the editions of G. L. Kittredge (Ginn, 1936, $4.50) and of W. A. Neilson and C. J. Hill (Houghton Mifflin, 1942, $6.50). In many ways they are very different, and I shall try to describe their differences briefly, hoping that the reader may thereby be better prepared to choose between them.

1. *Order of the Plays.* Kittredge prints the plays in the traditional order of the Folio; Neilson and Hill compromise. They keep the division into Comedies, Histories and Tragedies; they keep the historical order of the Histories, as in the Folio, but they print the Comedies and Tragedies in the order of their composition. This seems to me a serious case of falling between two stools. Though it is useful to see in what order the Comedies were written, and in what order the Tragedies were written, we cannot get a view of Shakespeare's total development unless the distinction between types is broken down, and we see in what order all the plays were written. The attempted straddle is to me the chief weakness of the edition.

Kittredge does one admirable thing which no other editor of a one-volume edition has done: he prints "The Two Noble Kinsmen." Since everyone now agrees that Shakespeare wrote more of this play (about 45 percent) than he did of "Henry VIII" (about 30 percent), there is obviously no reason why it should be omitted when "Henry VIII" is included. Shakespeare's share in it is particularly interesting as his last piece of writing for the stage.

2. *Apparatus.* Neilson and Hill are more generous than Kittredge. They have a general introduction, containing a life of Shakespeare, a discussion of the chronology of his plays, a brief study of his relation to his time and an estimate of his accomplishment. They also include the introductory material from the 1623 Folio, containing Ben Jonson's unsurpassed tribute to Shakespeare. Kittredge has no introductory material of a general kind, and it is a serious omission that he has no chronological table. It is the duty of every editor who sticks by the haphazard Folio order to provide one.

Both editions preface each play with an introduction. Kittredge's are more strictly factual than those of Neilson and Hill, and frequently contain more discussion of Shakespeare's source material than is necessary for the general reader. They are, however, remarkably successful in presenting a large number of details in as short a space as possible, and they justify their author's great reputation for learning, clarity and common sense. The introductions of Neilson and Hill also give us the relevant facts about each play, but they spend much more time on the analysis of character than Kittredge does. Consequently they lay themselves more open to disagreement. I find them at times too moralistic, and occasionally inadequate. For example, in the discussion of Othello's situation it is never mentioned that he is a Negro, whereas Shakespeare carefully tells us that he is; his race is one of the important causes for what happens to him. But as a rule the introductions are both sound and interesting, and I imagine that the general reader will find them better reading than the drier and more packed introductions of Kittredge.

Kittredge has a very full glossary at the back of the volume; Neilson and Hill explain the hard words and allusions at the bottom of every page. Theirs is the first one-volume edition to do this, and the practice has everything to be said for it, especially when it is done unobtrusively, as it is here, without any distracting reference numbers in the text itself. Unfortunately, the explanations are sometimes unsatisfactory—too much having been sacrificed for the sake of economy—and sometimes inconsistent. To take only one example: the notes to "The Merry Wives" are nearly twice as full as the notes to "I Henry IV," with the result that, for instance, "nuthook" is explained on page 248 in these words: "A 'nuthook' was a catchpoll, *i. e.*, a constable," whereas on page 705 it is merely defined as "catchpole" (*sic*).

3. *Text.* This is a very complex matter, but after making many comparisons I have concluded that the general reader will do better with the text of Neilson and Hill than with that of Kittredge. Except in the case of "Hamlet" the editions do not differ in any of their assumptions as to what basic text for a given play to use; the differences are chiefly minor ones. Both editions are sensibly conservative in accepting emendations.

It is impossible, in the space of a brief review, to examine all the occasions which represent a choice between variant readings. I will, however, give illustrations from "Lear" and from "Hamlet," both of which plays offer an editor a chance to use his own judgment. In the case of "Lear," to quote Kittredge, "the basis for the text is the First Folio (1623), which supplies about a hundred genuine lines that are lacking in the Quartos [1608, 1619]; but the First Quarto furnishes many good readings and supplies some 300 lines which the Folio omits." In Act I, scene one, line 70, Regan says, according to the Folio, "I am made of that self metal as my sister." According to the Quarto, she says:

> Sir, I am made
> Of the selfsame metal that my sister is.

Neilson and Hill keep the Folio reading, Kittredge substitutes that of the Quarto. But surely the Folio is more Shakespearean; the Quarto is flatter and more commonplace. Again, in Act II, scene one, line 79, Gloucester says of Edgar, in the Folio, "Strange and fast'ned villain!" The Quarto has "strong" for "strange." Here too Kittredge adopts the more commonplace Quarto reading, while Neilson and Hill preserve the Folio's "strange." Since Shakespeare elsewhere uses "strange" in a more forceful sense than we do (Ghost: "But this most foul, strange and unnatural," "Hamlet," 1, 5, 28), I see no reason for not keeping to the Folio.

"Hamlet," textually as in other ways, is a special problem. Both the Second Quarto of 1604 and the Folio have substantial authority, and there is no general agreement as to which should be used as the basis for a modern text. Kittredge uses the Quarto, with additions and variations from the Folio; Neilson and Hill start from the Folio, and add from the Quarto. The results are, of course, much the same, but there is at least one disputed passage concerning which I should like to put myself on the side of Neilson and Hill. It occurs in Hamlet's famous speech to Rosencrantz and

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Guildenstern (II, 2, 315). In the Folio, it reads as follows:

What a piece of worke is a Man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God?

The Second Quarto reads:

how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and mooving, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God.

Kittredge, generally based on the Second Quarto, here follows the Folio; Neilson and Hill, generally based on the Folio, here follow the Quarto. With the exception of Dover Wilson, who first came out for the Quarto reading in 1934, they are the only editors to do so. They are obviously right. According to medieval and Renaissance tradition it would be meaningless to say that *action* was the special attribute of an angel; an angel's specialty was intellect, *apprehension*. And once we get the familiar Folio rhythm out of our minds, the passage in the Quarto version can be heard to have a highly effective sequence and climax. Neilson and Hill repunctuate as follows:

How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty, in form and moving! How express and admirable in action! How like an angel in apprehension! How like a god!

Even this is not entirely satisfactory. "Faculties" is better (in terms of Elizabethan thinking) than "faculty," and I am personally convinced that to extract the full Elizabethan meaning the punctuation should be: "How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable in action." Nevertheless the reading of Neilson and Hill is surely closer to what Shakespeare meant to say than the traditional reading of the Folio.

The Kittredge and the Neilson and Hill editions are, as I have said, the best on the market, and if I somewhat prefer the latter it is for the reasons of fact and judgment which I have (far too briefly) mentioned. It is, however, a more unwieldy volume than the Kittredge, and harder to hold in your hand.

THEODORE SPENCER

The Baltic Question

The Baltic Riddle, by Gregory Meiksins. New York: L. B. Fischer. 271 pages. $3.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1940 the Baltic states of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia were incorporated into the Soviet Union. This action has been decried ever since, by well meaning liberals as often as by professional Soviet-haters, as a manifestation of ruthless Soviet imperialism and a blatant violation of the democratic principle of self-determination of peoples. In contesting these charges, Mr. Meiksins justifies the territory-acquiring policy of the Soviet Union by building his analysis on the *fait accompli*. But this does not imply that Soviet policy was wrong or that Mr. Meiksins has no ideas of his own with regard to the so-called "Baltic question," which may turn out to be no question at all. And precisely because it is frankly partial, the book will have the salutary effect of counteracting the one-sided anti-Soviet propaganda so freely distributed in this country by a number of Baltic diplomats. On the other hand, in the absence of other studies of what happened in the Baltic states between the two World Wars, the reader should be on his guard in order not to swallow hook, line and sinker Mr. Meiksins' statement of the case. For there is much sugar-coating in the book, especially in connection with the "democratic" plebiscites by which the Baltic peoples are said to have declared their readiness, in an almost 100-percent-pro-Soviet vote, to join the Soviet Union as constituent republics.

We are admittedly badly informed on what actually happened in the Baltic states in that fateful summer of 1940 when the Soviet armies crossed the borders. This reviewer has heard many different accounts. He is inclined to believe that popular consent to incorporation into the Soviet Union was not quite so voluntary as Mr. Meiksins, obviously enthusiastic over the revival of political activity after many years of fascist oppression, wants to make his readers believe. But does it really matter? As Mr. Meiksins successfully points out, the incorporation of the Baltic states into the Soviet Union, really a reincorporation, was ultimately inevitable for a number of reasons, historical, social, psychological and especially economic. Even the most democratic-minded among democrats must recognize that in an era of intensified economic-technological integration of small territorial units into larger territorial aggregates, the principle of self-determination, if unrestricted, may be politically disastrous. Was this not one of the major issues of our own Civil War?

That the incorporation of the Baltic states was occasioned by military necessity was only a historical accident. As Mr. Meiksins correctly shows, the Baltic states during their years of existence had never been really independent. They either leaned on Germany or on Great Britain, both politically and economically. And because they did not lean on their neighbor, Russia, for political reasons which were closely linked with their class structure, they were doomed economically. For economically the Baltic states and the Soviet Union are mutually interdependent. And from a political point of view, sham independence such as the Baltic states possessed prior to their incorporation is as meaningful or meaningless as no independence. But the real meaning of Baltic "independence" was that these states were a link in the *cordon sanitaire* which had been thrown around revolutionary Russia. The liquidation of the *cordon* has been a major objective of Soviet foreign policy throughout the period since World War I. The successful solution of the nationality problem in the USSR suggests, furthermore, that even if the 1940 plebiscites were not as favorable to the Soviet Union as officially announced, the incorporation of the Baltic states may in the long run be the politically most satisfactory solution.

Mr. Meiksins' book, by no means a scholarly account, contains many interesting details on the past and politics of the Baltic nations. Unfortunately he has not always utilized his material and his knowledge to full advantage. The book is rather poorly organized, and its style is often top-heavy because of its author's overly frequent use of political clichés, stereotypes and symbols which betray their Marxist ancestry. On the whole, however, Mr. Meiksins' account of Baltic politics is a valuable contribution to an understanding of an area of which most Americans know relatively little.

HEINZ H. F. EULAU

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Recent Books on India

A Steel Man in India, by John L. Keenan. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 224 pages. $2.50.
India's Problem Can Be Solved, by DeWitt Mackenzie. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 265 pages. $3.
Report on India, by T. A. Raman. New York: Oxford University Press. 231 pages. $2.50.
This Is India, by Peter Muir. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 237 pages. $2.50.
Subject India, by H. N. Brailsford. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

JOHN L. KEENAN went from steel-town Gary, Indiana, to steel-town Jamshedpur, India, on a three-year contract, stayed twenty-five years, and enjoyed every minute of it. He helped to make the Tata Steel Works of Bengal the greatest in the British Empire, tenth greatest in the world. Die-hard Britishers, skeptical of steel production by Indians in India, used to say that if India made steel, they'd eat it; Tata and Keenan made them eat their words instead. He saw the transformation of old feudal India into new industrial India, and tells his engrossing story in terms of the development of Tata Steel. In 1892, a Parsi Indian cotton-mill owner, Jamshed Tata, believing India must produce steel to be free and survive in the modern world, went to America to visit his old friend Mark Hanna, met Judge Gary, saw the Gary works, and engaged Julian Kennedy and Charles Page Perin, then America's leading steel-plant and consulting engineers, to create a steel town from scratch in India. The plans drawn in Perin's office in New York, writes Keenan, soon broke the sky-line in Bengal; this reminded me of a strange line written by Horace Walpole in a letter in 1774: "England may be conquered some day in New England or in Bengal."

The early going was hard: "restrictive governmental mining laws tied up in endless red tape any Indian who wanted to dig a hole in the ground." Viceroy Lord Curzon finally granted Tata mining leases, but London turned him down cold for loans. Indian capital undertook the risk, and Tata Steel has been Indian-owned as well as Indian-operated ever since. Most of its managers have been Gary Americans, while many Indian supervisors were sent to Gary for experience. American General Electric furnished much of its gigantic equipment. During World War I, profits were enormous, and Keenan himself once made 750 percent on his Tata investments. Later, the world economic slump, the American depression and the British manipulation of Indian currency, hit Tata hard, but Tata survived—and is now making steel on 24-hour shifts for World War II.

Tata's social services for its employees, according to Mr. Keenan, are model: low-rent homes, food markets, free medical treatment, provident funds, low-rate loans and big bonuses. In 1919, Jamshed's son Dorab inaugurated the Institute of Metallurgical Technology for special advanced training and research. The first steel strike of 1920 was mediated by Motilal Nehru, father of Jawaharlal, who mediated later disputes, and "collective bargaining was won for the workmen by India's greatest patriot, Mohandas Gandhi."

"A Steel Man in India" is contagiously enjoyable. While Tata was expanding, Mr. Keenan, who studied classics at Yale, soaked up Hindi and Urdu with his chota-pegs, took in horse-racing, elephant fights, tiger hunts and cracks at the British die-hards. He notes that nobody knows why the Iron Paillar of Delhi, 410 A.D., has never rusted: "the old Indian ironworkers added some ingredient still unknown to our most advanced metallurgists." And he is looking forward to the hydro-electrification of India by developing the water power of the Himalayas. Tata, says Mr. Keenan, is more than an industry: it is a national asset. Mr. Keenan himself is an international asset.

The title and approach of DeWitt Mackenzie's "India's Problem Can Be Solved," offer a refreshingly cheerful note amid the dismal cacophony of the old propaganda harping on the everlasting insolubilities of India. Former head of the Associated Press in Europe, Mr. Mackenzie went to India to cover the Cripps Mission, compared it to the India he first visited a quarter-century ago, was impressed by the advance of people and ideas. He found that in fact Hindus and Moslems did mix, had "a definite hunch that the elusive Mr. Jinnah would be prepared to compromise" on Pakhistan, notes that the Moslem League, which formerly attacked only the Congress, has now "significantly turned its heavy guns against the government." He recommends the proposal advanced by impartial observers and Indian leaders that a provisional coalition government be set up to participate in the war effort.

"Subjection for a long time to a foreign yoke," said Sir John Seeley about India in the 1870's, "is one of the most potent causes of national deterioration." This is indubitably true. Example: the Indian T. A. Raman's studiously and insidiously perverted defense of the foreign yoke over his own people in "Report on India." (Imagine a book by a Frenchman in German pay, subtly derogating all French patriots and praising the beneficence of German rule in France—translated into Indian terms, that is Raman's line.) But Sir John's maxim has an important corollary, which he overlooked: *no country that subjects a foreign people to its yoke for a long time can itself escape national deterioration.* Example: the regrettable publication by the otherwise distinguished and honorable Oxford University Press of such tripe cunningly cooked up as a report on India. It emits the high odor of double deterioration.

Peter Muir, says blurb, traveled 15,000 miles on ponies, rickshas, trains, bombers, etc., to write "This Is India." Seldom have essential traveling accommodations been so wasted. The book may be exhaustively reviewed by inserting a large NOT between Is and India. Let Mr. Muir stop traveling and read H. N. Brailsford's "Subject India" diligently and with humility.

Mr. Brailsford's "Subject India" is a book so good, so true, so beautiful, that one could almost wish that he had not written it. I'll tell you why in a moment. First, if you have time for only one book on India, read this. With malice toward none, with charity for all, Mr. Brailsford illuminates the most bitterly controversial political issue of our time with the utmost clarity and the most generous wisdom. The book is written in the great tradition of the works of Locke, Mill and Hobson, the truly precious jewels in the Crown of England. Technically, it is a triumph of expository craftsmanship. It presents compactly, clearly,

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wholly, the essentials of India, past and present, with a far-sighted forecast of the future. We see the conquest of India as a long historical tragedy, each act a century, which still goes on.

Mr. Brailsford tells all, the worst, yet there is more truly imperial dignity in his candid *mea culpa* than in Mr. Churchill's barking arias on holding his own. He gives us by far the fairest account that has yet appeared of the failure of the Cripps Mission. His clarifying facts and figures show why the Indian people are so poor when India is so rich. "The negative control," which British rule imposes on India—Tata and Keenan had to fight it continually—prevents Indians from developing their own country. To this day, the British government still forbids the production of modern locomotives in India, even though this prohibition has resulted in slowing up the war in the East, and the lack of trains to transport food has been a major factor in the famine in Bengal now.

The climax of Mr. Brailsford's book is a ten-point program for a peaceful transfer of power to India, beginning with a Pacific Charter jointly guaranteed by all the United Nations interested in Asia, especially the United States, whose potential influence is stressed. He says frankly there are three active forces in the struggle for Indian independence: Indians, Mr. Churchill and America. He concludes: "The Empire is being liquidated. Our day in India is over. . . ."

So, sagely, writes Mr. Brailsford. But Mr. Churchill still means to hold his own, and he is still holding it. That's why I said I could almost wish Mr. Brailsford had not written this book: it may confuse the issue; Americans, reading it, may well believe the fight for Indian freedom is won and over, that India is safe in the hands of an Englishman like Brailsford. Of course it would be if it *were* in the hands of Brailsford. But it is not. It is in the unrelenting grip of Mr. Churchill. Mr. Brailsford's Ten Points are political wisdom—but they are not British policy. Bearing this distinction resolutely in mind, we see that the fight for Indian freedom is still to be won. As Mr. Brailsford himself realistically says: "India will be as independent as the right hands of her armed men, her steel mills and her engineering shops make her. Parchments and proclamations cannot confer independence, they can only describe what muscle and steel have won." India is learning this fast today. Americans might remember it too—like Mr. Keenan, they may have to help a bit with the steel. Praise Mr. Brailsford, and pass the ammunition. FRANCES GUNTHER

A Reader's List

ONE CONTINENT REDEEMED, by Guy Ramsey (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Another correspondent's book, well written, literate and perhaps more subjective than most. Ramsey, a British newspaperman, landed at Oran on November 8, 1942, and later covered Algiers Headquarters, but never got to the Tunisian front. He reports the difficulties of supply, RAF heroism, the "chaos of dissension" that was semi-fascist North Africa—but a good deal of his book is "frank sightseeing." Although liberally inclined, he confirms the military necessity (worth ten divisions, Eisenhower said) of playing ball with Darlan. Rather gullibly, though, he swallows Giraud's claim that the North Africans preferred him to de Gaulle. This book was apparently written primarily for the British public; extremely interesting are the British slang and the unselfconscious British assessment of American shortcomings and capabilities.

PAN AMERICAN ECONOMICS, by Paul R. Olson and C. Addison Hickman (John Wiley, $4.50). The development of harmonious relations between Latin America and other areas must be based in part on a clear understanding of the unique economic problems of our southern neighbors. This factual and well balanced study shows how their economy has been dominated by an extreme specialization in primary goods. The economic retardation this enforced was dictated largely by the needs of foreign lenders, who demanded repayment in raw materials and agricultural products. Yet the standard of living of the people of Latin America can be raised only by a policy of industrialization. Adopting a continental approach the authors discuss resources, trade, investment and commercial policies and show that the area is a fertile field for industrial expansion. Perhaps a regional analysis would have given the reader a clearer and less massive picture of the many diverse problems. The work is, nevertheless, a useful contribution to the study of Pan American economics.

THE VARIETIES OF NEW TESTAMENT RELIGION, by Ernest F. Scott (Scribner's, $2.75). Except among Fundamentalists, the notion that the New Testament is uniform in doctrine has long been abandoned. Yet Dr. Scott (Devout Modernist) is apparently the first American theologian to do a comprehensive book on the New Testament's doctrinal contradictions. "It is full of inconsistencies," he finds, "and lends its support to almost every variety of opinion. There has never yet been a heretic who could not take his stand on some text of the New Testament. . . ." Dr. Scott, however, takes the cheerful view that these contradictions have done more good than harm, since they allowed Christianity to develop unhampered by any rigid doctrinal system. A Religious Book Club selection.

WORLD NEEDS FOR UNITED STATES FOOD AND FIBER, by Dr. John D. Black (National Planning Association, 50 cents). Dr. Black discusses the future of food, cotton and tobacco as related to the needs of this country and their place in the international market and foreign relations. Since the demand for our food will continue to be greater than we can supply, a careful analysis of our future needs and of our international desires and the present disposition of our resources to meet them, is necessary. Dr. Black sees American cotton competing at a disadvantage in foreign markets during the postwar era. For tobacco there will probably be a steady, rising demand. Proper distribution of all three for the greatest benefit will require new international comprehension and procedures.

RECONVERSION OF INDUSTRY TO PEACE: A REPORT BY VARIOUS COMMITTEE OFFICERS (National Planning Association, 25 cents). This pamphlet attempts to anticipate the major exigencies of reconversion to peace and the methods of meeting them most likely to reduce the inevitable attendant shock and dislocation to a minimum. Primarily, a central coördinating agency is necessary to deal with the problem as a whole, from a national point of view. To receive coöperation and confidence, such an agency must provide adequate representation for business, labor and agriculture. The success of its operations is to be measured by its fairness to these three groups, the actual speed of conversion and over-all socially minded efficiency in the handling of such tasks as the termination of

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war contracts, the disposal of surplus war materials and the conversion of war plants to peacetime industry.

NEW SCHOOLS FOR A NEW CULTURE: Experimental Applications for Tomorrow, by Charles M. MacConnell, Ernest O. Melby and Christian O. Arndt (Harpers, $2.50). This timely volume places education squarely in the very forefront of practical democratic living. It leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader regarding the primary place of the educative process in the advancement of civilization. The authors consistently maintain that our schools now are organized far too much on the industrial-commercial pattern, with emphasis upon competition, whereas the pattern should be one of social coöperation, translating our Christian-scientific democratic thinking into a living educational program. The volume, by illustrations from the work of the New School of the Evanston (Illinois) Township High School, shows how the help of parents can be utilized in the work of the school, and how student-teacher-parent coöperation may function in a democratic administration of the American school.

THE IMPACT OF FEDERAL TAXES, by Roswell Magill (Columbia, $3). Professor Magill offers an evaluation of the federal tax structure in terms of the criteria of adequacy, simplicity and fairness. One must accede to his contention that our tax system is lacking when judged by these standards, yet his suggestion to introduce the sales tax and to decrease corporate levies would not improve matters. In view of the fact that the over-all tax burden, including state and local taxes, is relatively heavier for smaller income groups, such changes would only intensify existing inequities. War certainly requires heavy taxation, but that does not mean that we should completely shift its burden to those least able to bear it.

THE HARMONISTS: A Personal History, by John S. Duss (Pennsylvania Book Service, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, $3.50). The author spent his boyhood in Economy, Pennsylvania, which was then the most famous of the many American experiments in communal living. It had been founded by George Rapp, a German mystic whose followers held their property in common and subscribed to his philosophical doctrines, including the blessedness of celibacy (though marriage was not forbidden). Mr. Duss gives an engaging picture of the friendliness and security of their little world—as well as a drab picture of what happens when mystics invest in factories and railroad stocks. Just saved from bankruptcy, the colony was dissolved in 1906.

THE DARK STAIN, by Benjamin Appel (Dial, $2.75). The author of "Brain Guy" and "Power House" adds a well written, exciting novel to the growing list of books that attempt to handle the more savage outcroppings of racism and fascism in America. A group of fascists exploit the killing of a crazed Negro by a Jewish policeman. The policeman's girl is kidnaped by the fascists. After some adventures à la Dashiell Hammett, the policeman rescues the girl and forces the ringleader of the fascists to kill himself. All in all, it is too melodramatic a plot to carry the freight of Mr. Appel's social documentation.

IT IS STILL THE MORNING, by Louis Danz (Morrow, $2.50). This is an excellent first novel in the experimental form, sans commas or quotation marks and with much repetition of words and phrases—a modified stream of consciousness. It is the story of Georgie, whose sensitive nature first seeks fulfilment as a musician and achieves it finally as a painter. It is also the story of Grandfather, a sympathetic and endearing old man, who although he fails to understand Georgie's abandoning the violin for a paintbrush (the grandfather is himself a violinist), nevertheless encourages him. Last names are omitted and the locale is vague: for example, Sophie, Georgie's sweetheart, lives in Polish Town, and he "goes to a City where almost everybody likes painting" (Paris). Danz, himself an artist, describes the conflicts and the joys of the process of creation, from the birth of the idea to its fruition on canvas.

Contributors

DAVID S. BURGESS is a senior at the Union Theological Seminary. From June, 1942, until August, 1943, he worked with migrants under the Home Missions Council, a Protestant interdenominational church organization. He was graduated from Oberlin College in 1939 and worked for Rep. Jerry Voorhis of California during 1940.

GAETANO SALVEMINI is co-author, with George La Piana, of "What to Do with Italy."

KARL J. SHAPIRO is a sergeant now serving in New Guinea with the Medical Corps. He is the author of a volume of poetry, "Person, Place and Thing" (Reynal and Hitchcock), and "The Place of Love," which was published in Australia. His new book, "V-Letter," is to be published in the late spring by Reynal and Hitchcock.

R. M. L. KIRKWOOD was appointed manager of the West Indies Sugar Company and left England for Jamaica in 1936. Since that time he has taken an active interest in Jamaican politics and two years ago was elected to the Jamaican Legislative Council. He has been highly instrumental in obtaining better living conditions for the workers in his industry, both in England and Jamaica.

THEODORE SPENCER is an associate professor of English at Harvard University. His most recent book is "Shakespeare and the Nature of Man," published last year by Macmillan.

FRANCES GUNTHER has traveled widely in India and several years ago visited the northern region with Jawaharlal Nehru. Her first book, "Revelation in India," is to be published on January 26, which is India Independence Day.

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